

diScordGN

October 2006

That motownphilly magazine from CITR 101.9 FM

Free

GREAT AUNT IDA
VI BRIAN JONESTOWN SH!NDIG
FF MASSACRE
ROCK YOUR BODY WORLDS 3
OWN ADVENTURE
PANURGE MIXTAPE MIXED APES
CITR LIMITED EDITION APPAREL
MASTODON
THIS MEANS WARAOKE
CAT FISH HAVEN
THE HIDDEN CAMERAS
THE HOLD STEADY

NO
GRAFFITI
請勿塗鴉





SEALED WITH A KISS PRESENTS

PINK MOUNTAINTOPS

WITH GUESTS
THE BATTLES
AND
SINOIA CAVES

DJ'S
my!gay!husband!
SIPREANO

**SUNDAY
OCTOBER 8**

DOORS 9PM, ENDS 1AM
(MONDAY THE 9th IS A HOLIDAY)



TICKETS AT ZULU, SCRATCH, RED CAT

TV ON THE RADIO

WITH SPECIAL GUESTS
GRIZZLY BEAR

OCTOBER 3

COMMODORE BALLROOM

ticketmaster.ca 604-280-4444

TICKETS ALSO AT
ZULU, SCRATCH



REGGAE RANGUET RECORDING ARTISTS
FROM NEW YORK

THE NATIONAL

THE PAUL COLLECTION

OCTOBER 5

RICHARD'S ON RICHARDS

DOORS 8PM - 1 TICKETS AT ZULU, SCRATCH, RED CAT

you say party!
we say die!

FRUSTRATED RECORDING ARTISTS
FROM OTTAWA

**THIRD
EYE
GAINST
NOW!**

SATURDAY OCTOBER 7

RICHARD'S ON RICHARDS

DOORS 7PM - 1 TICKETS AT ZULU, SCRATCH, RED CAT



A 15th birthday tour
for Mint and
Exclaim!

starring The New Pornographers

with guests
Immaculate Machine
& **Novillero (Oct 21)**
Young and Sexy
& **Bella* (Oct 22)**

*winner of the Mazda 3 Startup Band Search

October 21 doors 7pm

October 22 doors 8pm

Tickets at Zulu, Scratch, and Red Cat



MAGNOLIA ELECTRIC CO.

WITH GUESTS
BOTTOMLESS PIT
OX

OCTOBER 11

RICHARD'S ON

RICHARDS

DOORS 9PM
TICKETS AT ZULU,
SCRATCH, RED CAT



ISLANDS

WITH GUESTS
BESNARD LAKES
AND
SUBTITLE



ALL AGES
GENERAL
ADMISSION

SATURDAY NOVEMBER 4

UBC SUB BALLROOM

TICKETS AT ZULU, SCRATCH,
RED CAT, THE OUTPOST (UBC)



CHAD VANGAALAN

ONE OF THE MOST TALENTED RECORDING ARTISTS
WITH GUEST **LEEROY STAGGER**

SATURDAY OCTOBER 7

THE MEDIA CLUB

DOORS 8PM - 1 TICKETS AT ZULU, SCRATCH, RED CAT

CALIFONE

THREE ROCK RECORDING ARTISTS
FROM CHICAGO

WITH GUESTS



SATURDAY OCTOBER 14

THE MEDIA CLUB

TICKETS AT ZULU, SCRATCH, RED CAT

LADYHAWK



CATFISH HAVEN

(FROM CHICAGO)

my!gay!husband!

SATURDAY OCTOBER 21

THE COLUMBIA (303 COLUMBIA ST)

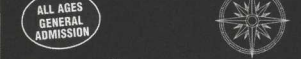
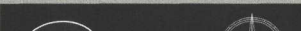
TICKETS AT ZULU, SCRATCH, RED CAT



FRIDAY OCTOBER 6

COMMODORE BALLROOM

DOORS 8PM
ticketmaster.ca 604-280-4444
TICKETS ALSO AT ZULU, SCRATCH



TRAIL OF DEAD THE BLOOD BROTHERS

with special guests

CELEBRATION

and BROTHERS AND SISTERS

DECEMBER 10

CROATIAN

CULTURAL CENTRE

ticketmaster.ca 604-280-4444

TICKETS ALSO AT
ZULU, SCRATCH



www.trailofdead.com
www.bloodbrothers.ca

3 Inches of Blood ILLUMINATI GOATSBLOOD JAWS

SATURDAY OCTOBER 14

THE CAMPFIRE

TICKETS AT ZULU, SCRATCH, RED CAT



THE HOLD STEADY

WITH GUESTS
SEAN NA NA

FRIDAY OCTOBER 20

Plaza Club

TICKETS AT ZULU, SCRATCH, RED CAT



the album leaf

WITH GUESTS

**FRIDAY
NOVEMBER 17**

TICKETS AT ZULU, SCRATCH, RED CAT



www.sealedwithakisspresents.com

diScorDm

OCTOBER · 2006

Editor
DAVID RAVENBERGEN
Assistant Editor
MARLO CARPENTER
Art Director
WILL BROWN
Production Manager
ALANNA SCOTT
Ad Manager
CATHERINE RANA
RIA Editor
KIMBERLEY DAY
Datascrub Editor
DAN MCCASH
Review Manager
JORDIE SPARKLE
Layout & Design
WILL BROWN
ALANNA SCOTT

Production Team
WILL BROWN
JULIE COLEIRO
DAVE FERNIG
DAVID RAVENBERGEN
LAURA RUSSELL
ALANNA SCOTT
KAT SIDDLE
CAROLINE WALKER
GRAEME WORTHY
AGATA ZUREK

Photo & Illustration
MEGAN BOURNE
WILL BROWN
DAN BUCIAS
BEV DAVIES
BEN FREY
HANNAH GREENSPAN
CASSY HERBERT
KATIE LAPI
LAURA RUSSELL
ALANNA SCOTT

Program Guide
BRYCE DUNN
Charts
LUCIE MEAT
Distribution
RICHARD CHAPMAN
US Distribution
FRANKIE RUMBLESTONE
CTR Station Manager
LYDIA MASEMOLA
Publisher
STUDENT RADIO SOCIETY
OF UBC



COVER PHOTOGRAPHY
BY LAURA RUSSELL

© DISCORDER 2006 by the Student Radio Society of the University of British Columbia. All rights reserved. Circulation 10,000. Subscriptions, payable in advance, to Canadian residents are \$15 for one year, to residents of the USA are \$15 US; \$24 CDN elsewhere. Single copies are \$2 (to cover postage). Please make cheques or money orders payable to DISCORDER Magazine. DEADLINES: Copy deadline for the October issue is October 19th. Ad space is available until October 20th and can be booked by calling 604.822.3017 ext 3 or emailing discorder.advertising@gmail.com. Our rates are available upon request. DISCORDER is not responsible for loss, damage, or any other injury to unsolicited manuscripts, unsolicited artwork (including but not limited to drawings, photographs, and transparencies), or any other unsolicited material. Material can be submitted on disc or in type or via email. As always, English is preferred, but we will accept French. Actually, we won't. Send words to discordered@gmail.com and art to discorderart@gmail.com. From UBC to Langley and Squamish to Bellingham, CTR can be heard at 101.9 FM as well as through all major cable systems in the Lower Mainland, except Shaw in White Rock. Call the CTR DJ line at 822.2487, our office at 822.3017, or our news and sports lines at 822.3017 ext. 2. Fax us at 822.9364, e-mail us at ctrinfo@gmail.com, visit our web site at www.ctr.ca or just pick up a goddamn pen and write #233-6138 SUB Blvd., Vancouver, BC V6T 1Z1, CANADA.

the Gentle Art of Editing

HALLOWEEN CAME EARLY FOR ME this year. I usually fail to plan my hallowed alter-ego until the last minute, and then join the hordes in a frenzied rush down to Dressw in search of something even mildly original. But this year I opted for a new approach, and laid my plans way back in the early days of summer. I decided to dress up as a Volunteer Coordinator, complete with my own office, a database and an overflowing email inbox. The costume was so convincing that I found myself unable to take it off, and soon I was wearing it for 40 hours each week. Finally, this past weekend, I completed my guise with a walkie talkie and an all-access pass, and marched on down to the AIDS Walk for Life in Stanley Park. The costume was a hit. Hundreds of eager volunteers rose up to do my bidding, logistical problems were resolved with a few well-placed over and outs, and Sam Sullivan even showed up to give rides on the wheelchair. I couldn't have asked for a better Halloween.

I woke up the next morning with a hoarse throat and a bad case of *faulstangt*. While I'd been traipsing around at my weekend fundraiser, *Discorder* was sitting idly by, waiting patiently for the love and care it deserves. Feeling rather low on vitality after the costume party, I turned to Copy Editor Marlo Carpenter for help. Thankfully, Marlo's fierce and abiding love of language combined with a streak of Good Samaritan to bail me out of a copy conundrum. I've invited her to talk to us briefly.

How do you feel about semi-colons?

I'm definitely more passionate about punctuation than the average person. Having recently read *Eats, Shoots, and Leaves* by Lynne Truss, my mission has solidified. It is now my Copy Editorial duty to eliminate all unnecessary semicolons, and lecture those who use them until they become fatigued and prone to suggestion, at which time I'll reprogram

them and cleanse their bodies of Bad Grammar Thetans. When everyone has been properly purged, we'll all fly on a great shining spaceship to a Linguistic Utopia and live forever and never be wrong or semantically ambiguous

What are the highlights of this issue?

I love the Great Aunt Ida piece. Julie's right—Vancouver should be paying more attention to such a talented lady. Alan and Penelope both saw some really fascinating films at the Vancouver International Film Festival, so their reviews are really good. And everyone should read Will's interview with Cambodia because sludgy doom metal is totally the shit, and they have insightful stuff to say about it. Finally, Rock Your Own Adventure is brilliant because it embodies the protest ethic of free will and individual salvation. Life has not one ending, but myriad potential conclusions. It's a scathing polemic against cynical Calvinism.

What's the deal with Klaus Nomi?

You know, I'm not entirely sure what his deal is, but he definitely warrants further investigation. From what I can tell, he's this insane German singer who's shaped like a triangle. He's like all the best, most fucked up elements of Devo, Kraftwerk, and 1970s Bowie combined. If anyone hasn't seen his videos, look him up on YouTube.com. Start with "Lightning Strikes". There's also a documentary about him made in 2003 called *The Nomi Song*, which I haven't watched, but plan to imminently

Thanks Marlo. Now it's off to Pop Montreal for a week of drunken gonzo coverage. I'll see you all on October 31st—I'll be the guy dressed up like the Editor of *Discorder*. **D**

David Ravensbergen, Editor
discordered@gmail.com

Regulars

The Gentle Art of Editing	3
David Ravensbergen	
Cinema Aspirant	4
Alan Machinis	
Riff Raff	4
Bryce Dunn	
Strut, Fret and Flicker	5
Penelope Mulligan	
Textually Active	6
Mixtape	7
Punurge	
Calendar	16
Aurel Schmidt	
Real Live Action	24
Under Review	28
CTR Charts	29
Program Guide	30

Features

Rock Your Own Adventure

Suddenly, a multi-page rock epic appears! To see what happens next, turn to page **6**

No Bones About It

Take your lover on a romantic, fluorescent-lit stroll among the dead bodies on exhibit at Science World. Idyllic and educational! **7**

Great Aunt Ida

The over-talented Ida muses on her new album and her beginnings at the Sugar Refinery. **8**

The Tall Tale of Anton Newcombe and the Brian Jonestown Massacre

Perpetually on tour, in larger-than-life infamy. **13**

One Beat For Fucking Ever

Cambodia plays epic doom metal in the rain, then gets interviewed. **14**

Mixed Apes: How To Stencil

Stencil your favourite wall with an orangutan; stash a Mixed Ape nearby: here's how! **19**

All You Clustered Up Clever Kids: Hold Steady!

Craig Finn, in his way, keeps it steady. Lifter Puller origin story included! **20**

Digital Rights Management and You **22**

This Means Waraoke

The time may come for us to band together and fight for the rights of questionably capable singers everywhere. Full briefing within. **23**

Red Cat Records

4307 Main St.



New & Used CD's & Vinyl
ph. 708-9422 * email buddy@redcat.ca
bring in your Friend of Disorder card and receive 20% off

CINEMA ASPIRANT

Allan MacInnis

IS CINEMA FOOD FOR YOUR SOUL, AND IS YOUR SOUL HUNGRY? CINEMA ASPIRANT OFFERS GLIMPSES OF GEMS TO BE RESCUED FROM THE WRECKAGE OF YOUR LOCAL VIDEO STORE.

SINCE THE 25TH ANNUAL VIFF is describing 2006 as the "Inspirational Year for Non-fiction Cinema," I thought I'd focus on some of the documentaries lighting our screens during the festival.

THE PERVERT'S GUIDE TO CINEMA: My favourite moment in *The Pervert's Guide to Cinema* is one of the brief extemporaneous asides given by Lacanian "pop philosopher" Slavoj Žižek as he waters a tulip bed, re-enacting a moment from the beginning of David Lynch's *Blue Velvet*: he rants in his quirky, expressive Slovenian manner about how obscene he thinks the tulips are, saying that flowers

are an "open invitation to all the insects to please come and screw me." It is hard not to be fond of someone who says such things. Sophie Fiennes' *The Pervert's Guide to Cinema* uses Žižek's commentary and clips from well-known films—Hitchcock, David Lynch, *Fight Club*, *The Matrix*—to illustrate aspects of Freudian theory, and to show how the structure of narrative film reveals a great deal about human desire and the construction of the identity. It takes awhile for Žižek to build up steam—for the first hour, I was held attentive mostly by the clever conceit of situating our guide either in the actual sets of the films discussed, or in reconstructions, while growing increasingly impatient with what he had to say. (It may be amusing to contemplate Groucho as the superego, Chico as the ego, and Harpo as the id, but it smacks of the intellectual masturbation and gamesmanship that Cassavetes scholar Jay Carney rails so passionately against in his essays on the state of film criticism.) Once sex and sexual fantasy enter the picture, though, things get much more interesting, and I particularly enjoyed Žižek's consideration of Haneke's *The Piano Teacher*, Kieslowski's *Blue*, and Lynch's *Last Highway*. A must for any film theory buff out there.

JAPAN'S PEACE CONSTITUTION: One of the fascinating ironies of recent Japanese history is that the "unofficial" Japanese army, the *jieitai* (self-defence force) has been fighting on behalf of the United States in Iraq; the very country that imposed a "peace constitution" designed to demilitarize Japan in 1947 is now dragging Japan back into the world of war. Watching Japan's *Peace Constitution*, which takes this state of affairs as its departure point, I was surprised to learn that as early as 1953, Richard Nixon was calling the Peace Constitution a mistake and asking Japan to help fight communism in Korea. This Japanese-produced, American-directed film won two awards for best documentary in Japan, and it raises important issues: should the Peace Constitution be revised to permit Japan an official army? Is Prime Minister Koizumi guiding a swing to the right? What role should Japan play in Iraq and in Asia? Where will Japan's support of the US in Iraq lead? Kudos go to the filmmakers for taking a stance here—they make it plain that they disagree with Koizumi's position and the Japanese presence in Iraq—but, however good their intentions, there are many more worms in the can than they let on. Mentions of the Nanjing massacre and Korean comfort women are given the minimum possible screen time, and are restricted to the words of Chinese and Koreans—a distancing strategy, perhaps to allow the producers to deny taking a controversial stance themselves (Unit 731 and the treatment of prisoners of war receive no mention at all). There is also no attention paid to Koizumi's controversial visits to the Yasukuni jinja war shrine, the recent official status granted the flag and national anthem, the support Koizumi receives from the very active and influential far-right elements in the country, or the fact that Japanese war crimes are once again being edited out of the history books. You'd think from the footage selected that all Japanese but the PM spend all their spare time in peace marches, and that just ain't so.

HAMBURG LECTURES: For a film dealing with the emotionally-charged subject of 9/11, Romuald Karmakar's *Hamburg Lectures* is remarkably icy and stripped-down a film dealing with 9/11. The film consists almost entirely of the lectures at the Moroccan Muslim imam, Mohammad al Fazi, whose lectures at the Al Queda mosque

in Hamburg in 2000 were attended by three of the four pilots later to fly the hijacked planes, including Mohammad Attia; Fazi was also later taken to the bombings in Madrid. Video footage exists of these lectures, but instead of presenting that, we see an actor, Manfred Zapata, sitting in a chair reading from a transcript to us in a very chill German. Commentary is restricted to close-ups of Zapata as he reads, glancing into the camera intently to underscore what he is saying. Occasionally subtitles explain what we would be seeing or hearing were we watching the actual video ("A child cries," a member of the audience says "God is great.") The background is bare. As

dry as this may sound, it is remarkably effective, even chilling. There is nothing whatsoever to distract the viewer from thinking in as focused a manner as possible about what the imam says, and what it reveals about the mindset behind the September 11th attacks. Those who want to do a bit of homework beforehand are recommended to seek out online the *Wall Street Journal's* article, "A New Breed of Islamic Warrior is Emerging," dealing with the doctrine of *Takfi wal Hijra*. According to the authors, it encourages

immigration as a means of spreading jihad, and permits believers to kill, cheat, or rob unbelievers deemed hostile to Islam—which, according to Fazi, includes pretty much anyone from Europe, Japan, the US, or, indeed, Canada, which he mentions by name. The film is a disturbing and compelling experience, particularly for those among us who are content to criticize America and Israel without really looking that closely at Islamic radicalism.

AMERICAN ZEITGEIST: Less demanding, but equally compelling, is Rob McGann's *American Zeitgeist: Crisis and Conscience in an Age of Terror*. The documentary spends its first hour building up to September 11th, beginning in Afghanistan in the late 1970s with the origins of Osama bin Laden and the Taliban in American support for the mujahideen. We cut from commentaries by the likes of Tariq Ali, Chalmers Johnson, Peter Bergen, Christopher Hitchens, and the ever-articulate Richard Clarke, to a surprising amount of footage prepared by Al Qaeda themselves for self-promotion. This includes a lengthy excerpt from a martyrdom video prepared by Ahmed al Haznawi before he participated in the hijacking of United 93. *American Zeitgeist* is not just your standard left-wing assault on Bush; Noam Chomsky is restricted to a one-minute soundtrack and the FAQ for the film's website describes *Fahrenheit 9/11* as "the work of a blaviating idiot" (which opinion it backs up with a link to an excellent bit of karate by Hitchens, who comes across far better in this film than I'd ever expected). The film is scary, depressing, and very informative; strangely, one could imagine an Islamist viewer coming to much the same conclusion. More can be read at: <http://www.americanzeitgeist.com/index.html>

THE JUDGE AND THE FANATIC: After watching films focusing on radical Islamists calling for jihad, it might be a useful counterbalance to look at *The Judge and the Fanatic*. The German-made, English-narrated documentary shows judges, government officials, and Koranic scholars in Yemen describing how bad radical Islam has been for their country, and the steps that they have taken to open dialogue with imprisoned radicals, to "talk them down" from their extreme views. It focuses largely

on the efforts of Yemeni Supreme Court Judge Hamoud al Hitar to convert a devoted mujahideen and Al Qaeda member, Rashad Mohammed Said, to a more moderate view of the Koran and of the right path—one which forbids terrorism. Both men are interviewed at length and we see reason and moderation prevail, giving a cause for optimism in dark times. The filmmakers are currently at work on a follow-up. Showing us the daily lives of Yemeni men and women, we are reminded that the majority of Muslims are not supporters of the mujahideen... yet.

There are more documentaries dealing with the Middle East than I can do justice to here. *The Smell of Paradise* shows journalists venturing into danger zones in Afghanistan, investigating the roots of jihad. *My Country My Country* deals with the Iraqi elections of 2005, again showing us that most Muslims are moderates who simply want to lead peaceful lives. *Day Night Day Night* tells the story of a suicide bomber. I have not yet seen the Canadian entry, *Our Own Private Bin Laden*, which, according to IMDb, "shows the connection between privatization, deregulation and free market and the globalization of terrorism," but it sounds pretty darn interesting. It is simply too dangerous to retreat into a comfortable denial of these issues, scary as they may be, and the VIFF is providing a great opportunity for Vancouverites to educate themselves.

As a final note, a documentary not submitted to the festival this year may be of interest to Subhumans fans—that is, the Vancouver Subhumans, who have reunited and released a new CD, *New Dark Age Party*, on Alternative Tentacles, and will soon be touring Canada. Glen Sanford's documentary *Useless*, about the Subhumans bassist, Gerry Hannah, is available from the director at glenette@shaw.ca. Though it obviously touches on "terrorism," Sanford tells me that "it's not really about the Squamish Five ... it's about a guy with an interesting story that includes early punk rock, politically-motivated sabotage, prison, and getting out of prison. The film is primarily intended to ask questions about perceptions of freedom." Gerry Hannah himself is happy with the film and owns a copy. The Subhumans play the Lamplighter on October 13th: one of Hannah's new songs, "I Got Religion," is as trenchant a commentary on religious terrorism as one could wish for. <http://www.welcomingcommittee.com/bands/subhumans.php> **b**

RIF RAFF Bryce Dunn

CRIPES, WHERE HAS THE TIME gone? Seems like I only just finished a column and now here I am again, fingers furiously typing, trying to come up with just the right words to describe what I'm listening to these days. Those same words failed me last month, and I humbly apologize to **Budokan** for a case of "Mistaken Identity Syndrome." The song "Doll Hospital" from their recent 7" was NOT a **Bum** song after all, and I've graciously taken it on the chin for my error. That being said, I know for sure that "Flight 505" and "Stupid Girl" are **Rolling Stones** songs—so sez the 7" with the credits looking me straight in my bruised face. In Norton Records' continuing collection of "Songs The Stones Taught Us," **The King Khan & BBQ Show** shock and jive their way through the former, putting their patented punk rock doo-wop to great use, while **The Flakes** get into garage-punk gear and tear themselves (and me) a new one after turbo-charging the latter. I've already purchased a couple of these split singles and not been disappointed yet, so I advise further investigation if you're feeling left out. (Norton Records, www.nortonrecords.com)

In our other split-single showdown, **Maximum R/N'R** takes on **The Spades**, and the results favour our Ca-

nadian brethren quite substantially. See, the problem I have with the Dutch dudes is their style of rock and roll comes at least five years too late. All guns-a-blazing, loud and proud to be sure, but **Glueifer**, **The Hellcopters** and **Turbonegro** already did this stuff much better than these guys. And don't get me started on the lyrics. Meanwhile, Toronto's metal maestro gives us a lesson in linguistics, with singer Louie providing English and French translation to "Deep Inside the Tracks" over a hardcore breakdown mid-song. "Ire of the Ram" storms the gates of **Black Sabbath** while administering the scream test: not for the faint of hearing, I assure you. This comes wrapped in a pretty slick sleeve, but someone forgot to throw in the 3 CD glasses—I want my money back! (Relapse Records, P.O. Box 2060 Upper Derby PA, USA 19082, www.relapse.com)

No refunds needed for our next two bands, though, and I'm glad to make the acquaintance of **Shit Sandwich Records**—my new favourite label as of... now! **The Marked Men** outta Denton, Texas, continue the truly mind-blowing trend of re-releasing record after record of amazingly catchy buzzsaw pop-punk: I swear if I hear another two songs like "Nothing's Changed" and "She Won't Know," I will

STRUT, FRET AND FLICKER

Penelope Mulligan

The 25th Vancouver International Film Festival
September 28th - October 13th

ONCE YOU'VE SNUFFLED AROUND this year's VIFF programme, it will be apparent that there's an unprecedented proportion of documentaries. Of these, many continue the trend of investigating political and social issues. At a time when our own government is taking us so far up America's ass that we can see what the White House is having for breakfast, the importance of informing ourselves cannot be understated. Yet it seems equally important not to neglect fiction features, since the best ones are to documentaries what dreams can be to waking life: vital information in code. The following films are some of those available for preview by deadline. As always, check the hotline (604-683-3456) or go to www.viff.org for the last word on times and venues.

A COMEDY OF POWER (France): Any Canadian with passing knowledge of the Sponsorship affair will grant appreciatively at Claude Chabrol's elegantly brittle drama of low dealings in high places. As things progress, however, it becomes clear that this Gallic tale (based on an actual 1990s financial scandal) is marked by a world-weary acceptance of the slippery ballet between big business and politics—and the limitations this installs on the justice system. At the same time, the film's setting—a severely de-romanticized Paris of sterile highways, claustrophobic interiors and charmless upscale restaurants—underlines the generic universality of power broking. Starting the stink stinking mess down is an examining magistrate bent on exposing the villains via their sloppy bookkeeping. As played by Isabelle Huppert (in full, frightening divahood—just watch how she eats sushi) she's almost catatonically single-minded and is an intriguing study in emotional numbness. Though many of the supporting roles are well rendered (Francois Berland is surprisingly sympathetic as a cornered businessman) some of the cigar-chomping

mobsters are bit overdrawn, and a subplot involving diverted funds propping up a corrupt third-world regime is lumbered with cliché. Still, this is an ever-relevant reminder of where you can end up when you follow the money. And there's comedy indeed in imagining Huppert's sadistic, lizard-like magistrate shaking down the wideboys in Quebec.

LA COUPEUR (Canada): Not that we expect a film about sibling incest to be happy, but this debut feature from Jean Châteauneuf is too relentlessly downbeat to serve the issues and emotions that it portrays. Since the brother and sister team in question are adults, there are ex-girlfriends, a spouse, in-laws and several children all swirling around insinuating and acting out. Past events—such as the couple's three-month trip together as adolescents—are merely alluded to in accusatory tones, whereas flashbacks could have helped out with some much-needed dramatic flesh. In a sense, the narrative seemed stuck in a turgid, repetitive present with no resolution in sight—just a lot of furtive bonking, recriminations and copious tears. When the "cut" of the title finally occurs, though, it's both emotionally affecting and cinematically clever.

LUNACY (Czech Republic): Not a moment too soon, Jan Svankmajer returns with another allegorical gatspunch—this one centering on regime change in a lunatic asylum in 18th-century France. In a deadpan Hitchcockian introduction, the filmmaker acknowledges heavy debts to Edgar Allan Poe and the Marquis de Sade, and does seem to be having fun as he riffs on these icons of horror and debauchery. Famous for his visceral mix of live action and stop-motion animation, Svankmajer usually blends the two in a uniquely unsettling way. But here, the animated sequences interrupt the live action like commercial breaks—several tongues slurp the remains from beer glasses, bones drop from the pockets of hanging clothing and eyeballs roll about—all to frantic carnival music. The significance of this parade of severed body parts only becomes clear as the horrifying story unravels. Though many will regard *Lunacy* as the director's most despairing and nihilistic film, that would be a mistake. Svankmajer is, above all, a potent teller of fables and the lessons feel much closer to the surface here than in previous work—as if pushed by the urgency of the times in which we live.

OUR OWN PRIVATE BIN LADEN (Canada): It's appropriate that a quotation from Sun Tzu's "The Art of War" should appear near the beginning of this enlightening documentary. The 2400-



Tierney Gearon: The Mother Project

year-old advice on the craft of disinformation and the importance of writing history before it's made has obviously been studied by a few politicians we've known. (The book is also a bible for corporations, by the way. It's required reading at Harvard Business School.) Director Samira Goetschel has assembled an impressive roster of interviewees (heroes, villains and pragmatic ex-players) who ensure that volumes of vital information keep coming our way. The film's main subject is the commodification of whatever enemies or remedies the ruling elite needs in order to further its long-range plans (the pathetic shortsightedness of which is evident in America's use of Afghanistan as a battleground, first against Soviet communism and now against Islamic jihad). But the beast has numerous tentacles and Goetschel swings from as many of them as possible, from the counterflow between coalition arms and Afghan opium to the institutionalized complexity of international banking establishments and the attempts to "democratize" countries which have enough oil to qualify for the favour. As one talking head commented ruefully, "How do you keep anyone's attention for something this complicated?" The existence of counterspin like this may be part of the answer.

TIERNEY GEARON: THE MOTHER PROJECT (UK): How much slack do you cut an artist whose work is outstanding but whose methods are exploitative? As the question rumbles away in the background of this candid look at American photographer Tierney Gearon, the filmmakers, for their credit, keep it hard one to answer. Trailing around after their subject as she obsessively turns every family activity into a photoshoot, Jack Youngelson and Peter Sutherland then show the breathtaking results: pictures of such tilted splendour, intense colour and extraordinary light that you want to forget about the fact that her children have had no choice but to be her set-directed subjects since the day they were born. Besides, the sprogs are more than alright, displaying a well-adjusted cool that many eight- and twelve-year-olds won't reach in a lifetime. As for the artist's own mother—a manic depressive schizophrenic—she's immensely entertaining in that American freakshow kind of way. Her freeform rants are works of art in themselves and an ultimate willingness to expose herself, literally and figuratively, to her daughter's camera suggests a free spirit that never got a proper chance to fly. Some of the jealous vitriol directed at Gearon is perfectly understandable in that context. Gearon's art world fame occurred around the same time as her brief notoriety—a photo-series of her naked children at a prestigious London gallery had her threatened with pornography charges—but anyone who sees through puritanism's hypocrisy will have no problem with states of undress in family snapshots. What rankles is the self-absorbed bleating about how she has to use her own children to heal from her traumatic childhood. I wanted to smack her. But those photos are so fabulous.

UNRQUOTED LOVE (UK): Ostensibly a fictionalized adaptation of a non-fiction work, this multi-layered meditation on stalking straddles the two genres in a way that defies labels. Working from an actual book of the same name, filmmaker Chris Pettit has cast its author, Gregory Dart, as the stalker (an actress plays the stalked) but changes the book's title. Thus "Stalkers: Fundamentalists of Love" becomes the springboard for a stimulating postmodern ramble linking CCTV surveillance (dubbed "post-human cinema"), digital communication, terrorism and unaccommodated desire. Shot for the most part on surveillance camera in London and Leipzig, the film speaks the very language of its subject with a blue-filtered ambience that's both lonely and creepy. Pettit himself is the tweedy-sounding narrator, whose apparent digressions actually hint at other, metaphorical kinds of stalking—one's love for a city or obsessive cinephilia, for example—all of which fold back on the main theme. Heady and soulful, this is the cinematic equivalent of a flying dream.



just die, like, I mean ohmygod! Chicago's *Busy Signals* also have people talking with their latest, "All The Time" b/w "Can't Feel A Thing", a double dose of *Rezilios*-style razor-sharp pop, and one record that hasn't left the turntable since... yesterday! But really, it's that good. (Shit Sandwich Records, 1400 S Elwood between IR IL USA 60402, www.shit-sandwichrecords.com)

Sometimes it's the little things in life that really count, and after listening to The *Etties*' brand of shimmy-shimmy, I had a look inside the jacket and found a skull and crossbones with the words "converting all your sounds of woe into hey nonny nonny" written underneath. Now I may not quite understand what the heck that means, but damn if it didn't make me smile, and that is exactly what this three-piece from Los Angeles will do when you turn on their debut platter. Imagine *Sex Yeah Yeahs* if they listened to sixties garage records instead of quirky new wave, or *The Headcoaters* if they packed heat instead of purses full of bubblegum. "Dead And Gone" and "Get Out" are both dangerous and dead-on—the spirit of '66 meets the muscle of '77—smart, sassy rock and roll is The *Etties*' MO, and that's a-ok by me. (Sympathy for the Record Industry, www.sympathyrecords.com)

Then sometimes when you hear enough about a band, it makes you want to hear if

the hype is justified. Such is the case with *Fucked Up*, a group of Toronto malcontents that have played shows with carved out pumpkins on their heads, engaged in flame wars with *Billy Talent* and made punk records that defy the meaning of punk. With the release of this single "Triumph Of Life", it makes me wonder what I've been missing, but at the same time where I should start with these guys (and gal). The A-side is a little six-minute rager, complete with barking vocals and the same three or four chords hammering away over a new wave-inspired double-time rhythm—dare I say danceable? The flip "Neat Parts" clocks in respectfully short at two minutes and change, but again uses that pop-influenced backbeat. The lyrics are cryptic at best, misunderstood at the least and gives me the impression that more exposure may grant me more appreciation for a group that's never played by the rules and most likely never will. (Jade Tree Records, 2310 Kennwyn Rd. W.ilingtree DE USA 19810, www.jadetreecore.com)

A good friend of mine, Jeff G., has started a label here in Rain City, and his first release (which I finally got in my hands—thanks Sean!) is from Oakland, California, all-stars *The Pets*. "Sticky Situations" has some sticky power-pop bounce, while "Never Ask For Help" hints at KBD-style punk, but keeps

things at a modest pace. A great way to kick things off, and hopefully with more coming down the pipe, we locals can get more excited at the prospect of emptying our pockets in support of hometown heroes (along with La Ti Da and Seeing Eye Records) for some time to come. (Sweet Rot Records, www.myspace.com/sweetrotrecords)

Speaking of Seeing Eye Records, we end this edition by sneaking in under the wire another winner from this local label's stable. *Ladies Night* and *No Feeling* share a side each on black wax that will definitely leave ears buzzing. The boys of the Night make nice with "Naït Tomb", a reverb-drenched, sweat-soaked hot mess of crashing drums and strangled guitar that marches along like the brown shirts alluded to in the title. *No Feeling* (comprised of Levon from LN and Becca and Megan from *Vancouver*) also prove that earplugs are for sissies with two tunes of *Lost Sounds*—without-the-keyboards-influenced slop. "Don't Tell Me What To Do" and "Holes" find the three members back together again (as this isn't the first time they've played together—*Sweet Fuck All*, anyone?) and lovin' every minute of it. You need this. (Seeing Eye Records, P.O. Box 88202 Chinatown Vancouver B.C. Canada V6A 4A5)

d

TEXTUALLY ACTIVE

Filip, Recess Pieces, Walking Dead, Abandoned

Filip vol. 1 n. 3 (spring/summer 2006)

Filip is a broadsheet contemporary art review published in Vancouver, but its front page doesn't display any images of actual art. With spare and orderly columns of small print arranged on heavy white paper, Filip evinces a rarefied propriety that effectively suggests the character of the writing within. As indicated in its modus operandi, Filip seeks to be "a forum for critical discussion in the contemporary arts, and situates itself as a complement and stimulus for contemporary practices and discourses." In publishing "vital, intellectually rigorous art and cultural journalism", Filip clearly addresses itself to practicing artists and academics rather than the general public. Rooted firmly in the arch-conceptual climate of the Vancouver art community, Filip's choice of subjects and modes of discourse favour the intellectual and problematize the expressive. With reviews of recent exhibitions by Stan Douglas, Myfanwy Macleod, Brian Jungen, and Jeff Wall, Filip positions itself as a chronicle of the usual suspects. The works in question are explored lucrally, by authors whose erudition and insight are obvious and valuable, but I was led to wonder what properly constitutes "rigour" in this context. The articles in this most recent edition (the third in date) are certainly weighty, and offer strong points of entry for thinking about the kinds of works whose meaning is not always easily apprehended. At the same time, I would have liked to see a more critical attitude towards the reigning assumptions of what's worth talking about and how it ought to be discussed. Video art, photography, installation, and works concerned with architecture are prioritized, and a space is made for sculpture (because it's Brian Jungen), but painting is notably excluded, and the tone of discourse (even in this age of Superflat and the "impure" contemporary) is limited to only the most academic diction. Any contact with popular media or broader cultural production is scrupulously avoided, though a passage from Nabokov's short story, "The Vane Sisters", is unaccountably (marvelously!) tucked next to the masthead on the back page.

As an "insert project", this issue of Filip includes an offset poster by New York-based artist Stephen Elwood, but the "two drawings" alluded to in the description turn out to be just two lines of text printed on a large sheet of pink paper. The best article on offer is probably Jordan Strom's editorial about the recent Whitney biennial, which centers around *Artforum's* handling of the *Peace Tower* constructed by Rikrit Tiravanija and Mark di Suvero. This discussion of the burgeoning anti-war movement in the US and its manifestations within the international art community is a welcome engagement with global politics and relevant discourses in the international arena in a publication otherwise necessarily focused on the locale. As a whole, Filip offers considerable food for thought, and as Vancouver's only independent review of contemporary art (not counting publications put out by the city's various galleries and artist-run centers and more esoteric zines like *UE*), has already established itself as the media organ to be reckoned with, whether you're looking to publish your own writing or just keep up with events. I can't quite shake the suspicion that Filip was born more out of the need for Vancouver-based academics to publish their writings—contributors include two instruc-

tors from UBC, one each from BCTT and Emily Carr, and curators from the Or and Catriona Jeffries galleries, among others—than it was out of the (very real) need for a good local art review, but since this is only the third edition so far, there's no reason to assume that the editorial board has entirely found their mandate. I look forward to seeing the direction that Filip takes in the future, and I'm particularly eager to see their coverage of *Swarm?* and the large-scale exhibition of local painting that launches at the VAG on September 30th.

Salman Rushjob

Inkstud's Recess Pieces, Walking Dead, Abandoned

What is it about zombies that attracts readers and audiences? Is it the sheer gore and violence, or the sociological exploration of the depths of what the human condition can handle? Thanks to great movies like *Shaun of the Dead* and *28 Days Later*, zombies have re-entered the pop culture psyche like a rapid flesh-eating virus. Zombies have always had a role in geek culture, but more recently, the comics world has felt a resurgence of great takes running a gambit of different genre cycles. Three books that stick out are *The Abandoned* by newcomer Ross Campbell, alternative master Bob Fingerman, and the ongoing series *Walking Dead* by the currently more mainstream Robert Kirkman. The only common thread uniting the stories is brain-eating undead monsters: other than that, they all approach a different aspect zombies, with varied takes on the gory ghoul.

Bob Fingerman's latest book, *Recess Pieces*, approaches zombies with nostalgia in the vein of *Shaun of the Dead*, but he infuses his own New York upbringing to give it a parodic feel, much like *Mad* magazine of the 70s. The idea behind *Recess Pieces* is: what would happen if zombies invaded an elementary school circa 1976? Art-wise, this is by far Bob's strongest work. His attention to detail, in its entire blood-splattering splendour, reminds me of some of Jack Davis's early work, only taken to a new level. You can tell that this story has been brewing in his head for many years. Best known for his Fantagraphics masterpiece, *Minimum Wage*, Fingerman has really developed visually while maintaining the humorous style he's best at. The styling in the comic is like looking through an old yearbook from the bargain basement in the Salvation Army on 12th, only all the kids are covered in blood and entrails. Zombie comics are definitely not for the faint of heart.

While *Recess Pieces* is a fun slaughter-fest, *Walking Dead* by Robert Kirkman takes readers on a journey into the apocalypse. The story starts out with the classic zombie theme: guy wakes up in hospital, guy wanders around hospital, guy comes to room full of zombies, guy freaks out and runs into streets. From there the story follows the journey of a small-town cop, putting his life together when everyone he knows is gone, and everything he knows has changed. The story continues with his journey to find himself and the people he has lost. Along the way he finds an assortment of people facing similarly dire straits, with the same ultimate goal—survival. *Walking Dead* is in no way original in concept, but what makes it great is the characteriza-

tion. Kirkman really makes excellent characters—gets in their heads and shows a diverse range of reactions of how people would handle starting into the abyss. I will be continuing to check out *Walking Dead*, just to see what the hell happens to people and just how unimaginably bad things can get.

In the graphic novel *Abandoned*, Ross Campbell continues his MO of drawing cute, chubby lesbians with a similar gothic disposition to his series of graphic novels from *Oni* books, *Wet Moon*. In *Abandoned*, he avoids stereotypes by creating a great cast dealing with personal, relationship and isolation issues in a small town in the American South. One of my favourite aspects of the book is the use of colouring. *Recess Pieces* has a very lush palate to suit the era and age of its characters. *Walking Dead* is strictly black and white; *Abandoned* is in a weird almost sepia tone. Instead of beiges though, he uses different shades of red to color everything, giving the carnage scenes more impact. While *Abandoned* may be over the top in some of the cannibal carcass consuming, the story is a very personal and ultimately sad tale.

Reading these excellent zombie comics is a great way to prep for Halloween with a new zest for the undead. I also need to mention local zombie fanatics Robin Thompson and Ira Hunter, whose *Zombie Jesus* series is a sure-fire hit. If you love zombies, and you love Jesus, then you will definitely love *Zombie Jesus*. It's time to say goodbye to those familiar wimpy vampires and hello to rough-and-tough zombies.

Robin McConnell



ROCK YOUR OWN ADVENTURE

by Kat Siddle and Curtis Woloschuk

Despite its obvious failings and dubious taste, the mainstream music industry must be given credit for being one finely-tuned machine. Svergalis and label execs are constantly standing guard to ensure that their polished, waxed and wardrobe-charged never stray far from their prescribed path to inevitable (if short-lived) glory.

In the determinedly DIY environment of indie rock, things operate a little differently. It's imperative that artists exhibit acumen, intelligence and intuition in guiding their careers. One false move can lead to financial and creative ruin.

Think you're up to the challenge?

Put yourself in the shoes of the lead singer/guitarist/primary songwriter of a fledgling indie band in Vancouver. You've written a slew of songs that your friends maintain are "not bad" and you think it's time your act graduates from the practice space.

Your devoted drummer, Cindy "Rat Basher" Speckles, books your first show. You'll be playing Pat's Pub in a couple weeks. Problem is, you haven't decided on a name. Your preening bass player, Colt McCorbin, insists on Sex Toys in Japan, but your rock 'n' roll heart is set on Secret Korean Girlfriend. What will it be?

If you choose the risqué Sex Toys in Japan, turn to Page 9.

If you choose the more obtuse Secret Korean Girlfriend, turn to Page 11.

MIXTAPE Panurge

PHOTO BY CHRISTOPHER EVANS

C.L. McLAUGHLIN

- 1 Harry Nilsson | *Gotta Get Up* | This song leads off every early morning and mixtape of the last seven years for me. The perfect blend of wit, work, and songcraft. The template of basically everything I ever want to achieve.
- 2 E.L.O. | *Boyz n the Band* | You can tell it's Jeff Lynne's first time with a full string section and choir. He brilliantly doesn't know exactly what to do with them and doesn't do it this well again.
- 3 Hefner | *When the Angels Play Their Drum Machines* | Dead Media really introduced me to the idea of writing a pop song with an analog synthesizer. Lyrically, Darren Hayman is England's D.C. Berman, if you know what I mean. Geek.
- 4 The Ronettes | *(The Best Part of) Breaking Up* | Full of eerie bits and pieces that never quite fit and stop and start like every relationship I've ever known: by the time it's over, you can't tell if you'd have been better off having never been a part of it or if it was the best thing that ever happened to you.
- 5 Joanna Newsom | *Poach, Plum, Pear* | How heartbreaking can a harpsichord and multi-tracked vocals be? Let's find out.
- 6 Gram Parsons | *\$1000 Wedding* | About the wedding he skipped out on. Heartbreak and a longing for some sort of forgiveness are written all over this song. Regret never sounded so beautiful.
- 7 Steely Dan | *My Old School* | I secretly love a good guitar solo. This song has three of the best I've ever heard, so pay no attention to the mind-boggling horn arrangement and drumming.
- 8 Show Business Giants | *Japan Is Turning Into Eric Burdon* | For some reason this song makes me so happy. I always imagine that this was the most fun song to record ever.
- 9 Liars | *There's Always Room on the Broom* | The most FUCKEDUP-PERFECTPOPSONG ever!
- 10 Superchunk | *Watershed* | Try to sing along with this song. You know you can't, but want to so bad. You can't sing like that and neither can I, but that doesn't mean I don't try every damn time.
- 11 Blue Oyster Cult | *Burning For You* | From the band that brought you nothing good, here's the best song you've never thought was. Would someone cover this song already?
- 12 The Beekkeepers | *Dave Clark 5* | If you ever have a crappy song stuck in your head, listen to this song, Volia! That one's gone and this one is in, right? One of the best Vancouver bands ever, they were swallowed by the night, never to be seen again. Poor, poor us.
- 13 Elvis Costello and The Attractions | *Two Little Hitlers* | I end every mixtape with this song. It's the end... it has to be.

JOHN SCHUBERT

- 1 The Beatles | *Norwegian Wood* | They are the best.
- 2 Bob Dylan | *115th Dream* | Probably the most overt display of his sense of humour.
- 3 Devendra Banhart | *I Feel Just Like a Child* | Grooves like Marc Bolan in diapers.
- 4 Novillero | *The Hypothesis* | Rod Slaughter (real name) has been the beating heart of Canadian indie-mod for fifteen years now. We played with them in August: 'was grand, as is this song.
- 5 Of Montreal | *Eros' Entropic Tundra* | We just played with them: 'was fantastic, as is this song.
- 6 The Dukes of Stratosphear | *What In The World?...* | Genius (XTC) attempts imitation but arrives at something fresh and exciting.
- 7 The Poppy Family | *Beyond the Clouds* | Van City represent. Not sure why they're not more celebrated in their hometown.
- 8 Air | *Kelly Watch the Stars* | From the enormously creative Moon Safari.
- 9 Broadcast | *Goodbye Girls* | What Ladytron might sound like if they were able to feel love.
- 10 Slow Dazzle | *Fleur de Lis* | I know nothing about them except

LOCAL LADS PANURGE DROPPED THEIR third album, *Walking in the Fog*, on August 1st. Released through Last Gang Records (cue incessant buzzing), it has been lavished with critical praise aplenty. After limbering up their touring muscles during a spring circuit with Metric and Islands, Panurge has just returned home from a nationwide marathon. Never ones for overexposure (despite what that police report says), their next local show will be in support of Akron/Family in December. Despite six years of catching ears, Panurge's music often leaves listeners at a loss for descriptors. "A blend of '60s-style pop and modern electronica" doesn't offer much insight. Perhaps a mixtape can shed some light on the varied muses that govern them.

- 1 what's on their Myspace, but I've listened to this song a thousand times and haven't yet tired of it.
- 2 The Pink Floyd | *See Emily Play* | I say "The" Pink Floyd to differentiate them from post-Barrett Floyd. The 4-second piano break at the 0:50 mark means more to me than the entirety of *Dark Side of the Moon*. One of my favourite tracks ever, for certain.
- 3 The Soft Machine | *Hope for Happiness* | Robert Wyatt and Kevin Ayers being in a band together was a pretty good idea.
- 4 Jim Noir | *Eanie Meany* | It's always heartening to hear something new that is childishly fey without being milquetoast.
- 5 Donovan | *Epistle to Dippy* | Good-hearted, whimsical and melodic.
- 6 The Zombies | *Brief Candles* | Basically just picking my current favourite *Odyssey and Oracle* song.
- 7 El Perro Del Mar | *I Can't Talk About It* | She so sad. Why she so sad? She can't talk about it.
- 8 Love | *She Comes in a Clouds* | Worth it for the harpsichord/flute flourish bits alone.
- 9 Beck | *Rowboat* | A young, pre-"Loser" Beck does a great sad country song which ends up as the real thing in Johnny Cash's hands.

CHRIS LOVELL

- 1 Kevin Ayers | *Lady Rachel* | As exquisite as David Bedford's orchestral arrangements for alternate versions of this song, I prefer the one which appears on *Joy of a Toy*—sparse, spooky and a little more utempro. A pop song with real movement, full of images and the pervasive tension between fantasy and vulnerability.
- 2 W.A. Mozart | *Overture from "Le Nozze di Figaro"* | Plenty of delicate little melodies, counter-melodies and harmonies, yet all of the bombast that no number of guitar overdubs will ever get you. Wonderfully dynamic, this is one that always moves me when I hear it.
- 3 Bill Withers | *Ain't No Sunshine* | Lacks all pretension. I feel silly even talking about this song, so I will do so no longer.
- 4 Neil Young | *Tell Me Why* | I am just all about this song right now—such a moving melody, such sweet harmonies, such great complementary acoustic guitar parts.
- 5 Radiohead | *Paranoid Android* | I heard some dude in Steve's Music playing this on the acoustic guitar this summer and it reminded me just how good it was. The dude was okay, too, but probably not Thom Yorke good, you know? Anyway, nothing should be less cool than a hit song written a decade ago, but "Paranoid Android" doesn't care.

DANIEL BYRNE

- 1 LCD Soundsystem | *Beat Connection* | It's all true.
- 2 Spoon | *My Mathematical Mind* | Builds like a good shit.
- 3 Feist | *Lonely Lonely* | I love the somewhat unexpected guitar picking at the end.
- 4 Beyoncé | *Yay Beyoncé!* | Beyoncé can lick my balls.
- 5 Justin Timberlake | *Sexyback* | Can I ironically appreciate the Trousersnake too? Can I? Can I? Huh? Huh? **b**

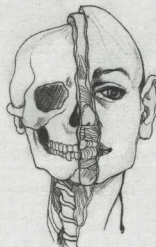


No Bones About It by Marlo Carpenter

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HANNAH GREENSPAN

Things that are grosser than *Body Worlds* 3:

- Iron Maiden's mascot, Eddie
- That video we watched in Grade 9 of a baby being born
- Indiana Jones and the Temple of Doom



I GUESS I'D SECRETLY HOPED FOR bloated grey corpses floating in open vats, the air thick with unwholesome vapour, skulls cut open like grapefruits, ticket-holders invited to stick their hands right in and have a feel. I imagined monstrous desecrations of Nature. Grave-robbing, unexplained disappearances and mysteriously expensive electricity bills.

Plastination—a technique of drying out and preserving bodies developed by Dr. Gunther von Hagens in the 70s—isn't as controversial and Frankensteinian as all that. Though the display outside the exhibit which lauds plastination as "the method of halting decomposition of the body and preserving it for all time" practically begs for some Orzymanian dramatic irony to befall it ("Look on my exhibit, ye ticket-holders, and despair!"). I found it not so much mind-blowing as fascinating and educational.

I learned some neat stuff. For instance, it's relatively easy to spot a healed broken bone, because bones heal pretty messily and haphazardly. I also never realized before just how huge the liver is. It's bigger than the stomach, lungs, brain—in fact, it's the body's largest internal organ. And our bodies are pretty resilient. Diseased organs look radically different from healthy ones. Lungs with emphysema are ragged and shrunken, stomach ulcers are gaping, cirrhotic livers are shriveled, and cancer can render body parts nearly unrecognizable.

But it wasn't disgusting. Human bodies, especially muscles, removed of skin and moisture and plastinated, look surprisingly similar to sides of beef. The bones and organs reminded me of their plastic renditions in biology class and the doctor's office. Of course, the fact that they aren't models gives them weight and significance, but I don't think they deserve the hype and controversy they've received.

Dr. von Hagens seems perfectly aware of that old French phrase, *succès de scandale*: the idea that there's no such thing as bad publicity. There are subtle hints of this in the exhibit. Not only do all the full-body models retain their genitals, which makes complete sense from a scientific anatomical standpoint, but for some reason the female bodies all have breasts. By which I mean that their entire bodies are skinless except for their breasts, which retain all skin and nipple, while the male bodies don't have nipples or the skin on their pectorals. Other attempts at controversy are more heavy-handed—for instance, one of the bodies is posed kneeling in prayer on a cross and looking skyward, holding a human heart in its hands.

It may be obvious at this point that I am in no way a proponent of the Gothic-Romantic trope so loved by H.P. Lovecraft and the makers of *Jurassic Park*: i.e., science has its limits, passing them is an affront to Nature, and she will exact her vengeance. On the contrary, it put a smile on my face to ride my bike past Science World on the opening weekend of the exhibit and see so many people lined up outside. At the show, I felt a sentimental connection to the hordes of so many different people around me who were as fascinated as I was to see the cross-section of the human hand, the embryos at varying stages of development, and the plastinated corpses in sometimes silly poses. People eager for knowledge and science and learning. The fact that an exhibit so tame should create so much controversy and rumour is the depressing part—it's popularity isn't.

Body Worlds 3 is showing at Science World until January 14th. More information can be found at <http://www.scienceworld.ca/bodyworlds/index.html>. **b**





by Julie Colero

PHOTOS BY LAURA RUSSELL
ILLUSTRATIONS BY KATIE LAPI



GREAT AUNT IDA

In my perfect version of Vancouver, one without giant TV screens in the downtown core, one without impending Olympic chaos, maybe one with a few more night buses, everybody would love Ida Nilsen. Her band, Great Aunt Ida, would be media and radio darlings, but it wouldn't go to her head. She'd



still be as grounded and charming as ever. People would fill every creaky chair in the Western Front when she played with her bandmates Scott Malin, Barry Mirochnick, JP Carter and (sometimes) Jon Anderson; hell, they'd fill the Commodore, even, and accolades would shine down on Nilsen and co. like the late summer sun.

Or something like that. Let's take it as a good sign that the Western Front was nearly packed for Great Aunt Ida's CD release show on September 23rd. Ida's work as a multi-instrumentalist (she plays the trumpet, accordion, and piano) may not yet be world-renowned, but it does look like Vancouver's cluing into a good thing. Nilsen is currently focusing her attention on playing the simple piano melodies and providing the sweet and clear vocals that shape Great Aunt Ida's poppy sophomore album, *How They Fly*. The band's first album was fairly successful, seemingly everywhere but here, a fact that vexes Nilsen, but she's optimistic that things will run more smoothly this time around.

I sat down to a quick beer with Nilsen before her shift at the Railway Club the other week to talk about the way things are shaping up. When we talked about the band's relationship to its hometown audience, Nilsen had this to say: "It's always different. Sometimes there's lots of people and I don't know any of them, and sometimes there're a few people and I know all of them. It doesn't seem to be consistently going in any particular direction. I'm hopeful that it'll be easier with the new record than last time. I thought it was pretty funny, though, because when the last record came out, every college station in Canada was playing it except the stations in Vancouver and Victoria, actually. In Vancouver and Victoria, it didn't get played until about six months after it came out, and then it charted for a week or something. I guess nobody was interested." If interest was lacking the first time out, listeners would be foolish not to give the new album a chance. Nilsen is a fine songwriter, whose honest and unassuming, not to mention catchy, pop songs ought to be heard by the masses.

I suggested to Nilsen that perhaps part of the hometown problem is that she's become a part of the woodwork here in the scene, too easily taken for granted and thus overlooked. She disagreed, offering the first of many "setting-the-record-straight" moments that evening, by saying that she's steadily narrowing down her involvement in other peoples' projects as she becomes more dedicated to her own. "I actually haven't played on that much. With the Buttless Chaps and the Violet Archers, it's very sporadic. It's not that hard to manage. I'm trying to not take on little projects that end up taking up a lot of time, like filling in for people for shows where you have to learn a bunch of material and go to a bunch of practices. I'm trying to save that time for myself now. I'm not as interested in playing other people's music anymore."

But playing other people's music is what got her roped into this scene in the first place. I've always taken Nilsen to be an enigma of sorts, appearing out of nowhere at the (sugar refinery) and, without doing anything in particular, just being one of those good people you always look forward to running into. It turns out Nilsen has a history, and an interesting one at that. Here's the short version for you: Dropping out of high school in Victoria, Ida decided to hit the road for San Francisco, where she hoped "to try and be a beatnik." That plan didn't work out, and so she moved on to Salt Lake City and worked at a record store for a short while. A trip home for Christmas derailed her future Americana plans, and she ended up coming to Vancouver instead.

"When I first moved here, I was 17 and really broke. I had no education; I couldn't get a job anywhere. I had a job at a clothes store on Robson, but only for 10 hours a week. I was busking with my trumpet on Granville Street. The first place that I stayed when I came to Vancouver was the Hive. I met some friends in Victoria who were associated with the Hive and so I went over and slept on their couch for a month until I got an apartment. ... So I knew about the (sugar refinery) from those people, there were always people in bands around. So I used to go in for coffee when I was taking breaks from busking, quite regularly. I went one night and the Beans were playing. I'd been in there having coffee and the Beans CD was playing, and I asked Steven what it was, and I really liked it, so I came back when they were playing. It was an amazing, magical night. I was having such a great time, drinking wine, sitting at the (sr) and listening to the Beans. I just loved it, and I was getting up to go, and Steven was at the door, and I went up to him and gave him this huge, fat compliment." Anyways, Nilsen didn't get out of there as quickly as she'd expected to—Steven asked what she had with her in that big of case, and she told him she played the trumpet. He told her that she should go sit in with the band, to which she replied, "Uh, you don't really do that." And he said, "You do with that band!" So she sat in with the band during their second set, and came back the next week, and the next, and the next, well, you pretty much get the idea. Ida was a Bean. The week

after her first time sitting in, Steven called a friend of Nilsen's, trying to track her down to offer her a job.

That was back in 1998. Since then, many things have changed. The Beans and their marathon gigs are gone. So is the (sugar refinery). When original (sugar refinery) owner Steven Horwood left, he passed his restaurant on to Nilsen and two others, who did their best to keep the place afloat. It didn't come with debts, but it did come with a

red flag for the bureaucratic bull. Unfortunately, we all know that this city hates good things, especially when they're located on Granville Street. Nilsen spoke quite passionately about the demise of the (sugar refinery), saying "I think it was part of the Granville Street clean-up." To be honest, I'm surprised we lasted there as long as we did, considering what a fucking gong show it is now. After the Book Company closed, I was like, "That's it!"

But things have a funny way of working out. Less time spent at the (sugar refinery) meant more time for Nilsen's own creative endeavors. "When the (sugar refinery) closed, after that was really when I started getting my shit together for Great Aunt Ida. A few months after that, we played our first show where we actually had, like, a set." Explaining band chronology goes more or less like this: During her stint behind the bar, Ida had managed to put together a makeshift band and play a couple of shows. "The first Great Aunt Ida show was in early 2003. We did it as kind of a funny show, because we played four songs and a cover. It was like a 20 minute set. We did it twice in one week, and then we didn't do another show for another year." Asked what stopped her from playing more shows, she simply replied, "I didn't have any more songs. I really wanted to do it, and I'd always had this vision in my mind, and I'd play around and do little four-track recordings that I was never really that happy with, but I had the idea that

"I don't have a lot of patience. Once it started coming together, I went after it pretty quick. We started working on the record really fast, and part of that was Colin [Stewart, of the Hive], actually. He kept asking, 'Are you ready to make the record yet?' I don't know what it was. Colin's good that way sometimes."

ROCK YOUR OWN ADVENTURE

Christened with the contentious moniker Sex Toys in Japan, you play the gig and it's an unqualified success. Looks like the name will be sticking. After your set, you spot local label mogul Sandy Kinsata—head of Lozenge Records—sipping a pint. He acknowledges you with a nod. At exactly the same moment, a pretty girl smiles at you from across the room. Do you chat up the label owner or the girl?

If you hobnob with Sandy Kinsata, turn to Page 13.

If you take your chances with the girl, turn to Page 14.

I wanted to do the project, and it took a while to get it together."

"I don't have a lot of patience. Once it started coming together, I went after it pretty quick. We started working on the record really fast, and part of that was Colin [Stewart, of the Hive], actually. He kept asking, 'Are you ready to make the record yet?' I don't know what it was, Colin's good that way sometimes." So Nilsson got to the studio and came up with *Our Fall*, a beautiful collection of songs including the CBC Radio Three favourite (Ida points this out at most shows) "Macarena", a very upbeat number, and more than a few other gems. Recording that album took a long time, as Nilsson is an admitted perfectionist, and she went about things quite differently the second time around.

"The song-writing was all solid before we started," Nilsson explained. "We did the whole record really fast. I really wanted to do it fast. The last one took a long time, and it was drawn out over a while. It's back to patience, I think...I didn't want to spend months thinking...I can get really caught up in little details."

"There's a couple little things [that I don't like on the new record], but no matter how long you work on it, there's always going to be a few things that you go back and forth on. I was relieved to hand it in." You can't help but love someone who sums up the recording process like this: "It's hard to be so self-obsessed for such a long period of time. It makes me feel kind of lame."

But 'lame' isn't a word that fits with Nilsson's character. Hard-working? Yes. Enthusiastic? Again correct. She thinks she's pessimistic, but hey, she's still here, and she's still contributing her talents to a grateful music scene. She's sticking around because "at the moment I'm in a healthy, long-term relationship and I like my apartment a lot. I don't feel like dealing with somewhere new at this point."

When asked about what I thought to be a recurring theme on the new album, one of mismatched love, Nilsson laughed and set me straight again. Her lyrics are so straightforward, so candid, that it's easy to mistake the "I" for "Ida." "That's my boyfriend's worst nightmare!" she joked. "There's always shit that goes on in relationships, no matter how good your relationship is. It's part of what makes relationships good as well as what makes them bad. Obviously a case could be made to disagree with that, but as a sort of general rule, there's always turmoil, or at least for me." She continued, "Relationships seem to be huge issues for people. They think about them all the time, they're a total driving force for so many people. I'm very interested by that; I'm interested in other people's relationships."

"The first song ['Company You Keep'] I wrote after coming home from work one night. The Railway Club's really interesting after everyone leaves and you're just cleaning up. There's nobody there, but it's this place that's so often packed full of people. It just has this ghostly presence. There's all these characters that just stay in that place. It's just me imagining snippets out of all these different heads, it's not really about me at all."

Nilsson's narratives may be cut and paste collections of experiences from the world around her, but her motivation is true. "Music is really the only thing I'm interested in. I could probably find other things, but there's nothing that inspires me to go and study, to learn something. I like music, and that's kinda it." Ida's doing the only thing she knows, creating beautiful music, and is making her adopted city better for it. **D**



Something WICKED

this way comes

Sanctuary's
Legendary
Hallowe'en
Party with DJs
Pandemonium
Catherina
Pyxis

\$500 CASH
1st PRIZE
OVER \$1000

IN PRIZES FOR
BEST COSTUMES
DECORATIONS
BY MR. DARK

**ALL THE BEST
ELECTRO
RETRO 80'S
INDUSTRIAL
ALTERNATIVE**

Sunday 29 October
CELEBRITIES

\$10 ADVANCE TIX AT NEW WORLD DESIGNS, LITTLE SISTER'S,
ZULU AND ONLINE AT CLUBWIKES.COM • DOORS 8 PM • 18+



AVAILABLE NOW
GREAT AUNT IDA
"HOW THEY FLY"
"traught with admissment, yet somehow manages to avoid flat-out misanthropy" - TORONTO STAR
"Wilson's breezily sweet vocals and warm keyboards front and center" - GLOBE & MAIL
www.greatauntida.com - www.southern-electric.ca

OCTOBER 6 - 9 **RATTLESHAKE!** *at the RAILWAY!*

OCT 6
BUGHOUSE 5
RODNEY DECROO
THE BREAKERS

OCT 7
HERALD NIX
DAVID P. SMITH
THE KNOTTY PINES

OCT 8
LINDA MCRAE
AMY HONEY
ANDREW BURDEN
FLOPHOUSE JR
DYLAN THOMAS
ARCHIE PATEMAN
RODNEY DECROO
DAVID P. SMITH
DOUG ANDREW

OCT 9
DOUG ANDREW &
THE CIRCUS IN FLAMES
RODNEY DECROO

RUMBLETONE presents

FROM HAMILTON, ONT.

THE RIDE THEORY

plus surprise guests!

THE LAMPLIGHTER

call **878-GOGO** for more information on these shows
 AND
SECRET HALLOWEEN SHOW!

Contribute to Discorder!

Write a story! Review a show!
Review an album! Draw a picture!
Take a photo!

**Find out more by sending
 us an email!**

Words & Letters ➤ discordered@gmail.com
 Art & Photos ➤ discorderart@gmail.com

diScorDeN

DIG YOUR ROOTS TALENT SEARCH UNDERWAY

SEASON 5 IS THE MAGIC NUMBER FOR CREATIVE JAZZ MUSIC

The National Campus and Community Radio Association (NCRA/ANREC) is calling for submissions for its national talent development initiative. After five successful years with Hip Hop, Spoken Word, Electronic Dance, Roots, and Aboriginal, this year will see the continuation of the series with our sixth project, "Dig Your Roots - Creative Jazz". "This year we want to focus on a project that will look beyond the mainstream and feature artists who are creating jazz-infused and jazz-inspired creative music," says National Coordinator Melissa Kaestner. "In a sense, anything that is new, progressive, innovative, and creative that has a jazz connection will be considered." Dig Your Roots features independent artists from all across Canada on its website as well as through a series of compilations and live concert broadcasts. Artists are invited to submit their work to be featured on the Dig Your Roots website, where up to 100 artists will be showcased. Following a national selection process, 15 of these artists will be chosen to appear on compilations to be released in the spring of 2007. These artists will take part in a series of regional concerts, each of which will be live coast-to-coast-to-coast on participating radio stations. This could be the last year for Dig Your Roots. While the NCRA/ANREC will be seeking further funding to keep the project going, "Dig Your Roots - Creative Jazz" marks the last year for the funding agreement with Corus Entertainment. "Everyone, including Corus, has been really happy with the project," notes Chad Saunders, NCRA/ANREC President. "Both musicians and campus and community stations have embraced the project and really ran with it. All of the project coordinators have done a fantastic job. We may look to extend the project, or to change it up a bit with an interactive website or recording more artists. In any case, this 5-year milestone is a true cause for celebration, and the creative jazz project will be a toast to the success of Dig Your Roots."

**Deadline for submissions: October 31, 2006. For more information
 visit www.digyourroots.ca**

CALLING CREATIVE JAZZ ARTISTS FROM ACROSS THE NATION

ARE YOU AN INDEPENDENT ARTIST?
SEND YOUR DEMOS TO DIG YOUR ROOTS!

YOU COULD BE HEARD ON OUR WEBSITE
 YOU COULD BE FEATURED ON A NATIONAL COMPILATION
 YOU COULD PERFORM TO RADIO ALONG THE LIVE COAST-TO-COAST-TO-COAST
 DEADLINE FOR SUBMISSIONS: OCTOBER 31, 2006
 VISIT www.digyourroots.ca

**DISCOVER YOUR CULTURE.
 GROW A CONSCIOUSNESS.
 DIG YOUR ROOTS.**

THE NATIONAL CAMPUS AND COMMUNITY RADIO ASSOCIATION (NCRA/ANREC) IS A PROJECT OF THE NATIONAL CAMPUS AND COMMUNITY RADIO ASSOCIATION (NCRA/ANREC). IT IS A NON-PROFIT ORGANIZATION. THE NATIONAL CAMPUS AND COMMUNITY RADIO ASSOCIATION (NCRA/ANREC) IS A PROJECT OF THE NATIONAL CAMPUS AND COMMUNITY RADIO ASSOCIATION (NCRA/ANREC). IT IS A NON-PROFIT ORGANIZATION.



ROCK YOUR OWN ADVENTURE

Four days before the show, your bass player resigns in a huff, claiming that you're stifling him creatively and he'd rather focus on a budding acting career. As Colt packs his gear, he chides, "Good luck finishing Chinese Democracy, Axl." Now, it's just you and your spirited but arrhythmic drummer, Cindy. Do you recruit a replacement four-stringer or continue on as a duo?

If you open the practice space door to auditions, turn to Page 17.
If you believe rock history will welcome a two-piece with open arms, turn to Page 19.

HIDDEN WORLD



FUCKED UP



FUCKED UP HIDDEN WORLD

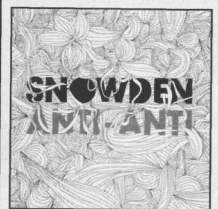
OUT NOW! VINYL FROM DERANGED RECORDS | ALSO AVAILABLE: TRIUMPH OF LIFE T"
LOOKINGFORGOLD.BLOGSPOT.COM



THESE ARMS ARE SNAKES
OUT NOW! VINYL FROM SECOND NATURE
ALSO AVAILABLE: OXENEERS
MYSPACE.COM/THESEARMSARESNKES



YOUNG WIDOWS SETTLE DOWN CITY
OUT NOW! (EX-BREATHERS RESIST)
VINYL FROM AUXILIARY RECORDS
MYSPACE.COM/YOUNGWIDOWS



SNOWDEN ANTI-ANTI
OUT NOW!
VINYL FROM SKETCHBOOK RECORDS
MYSPACE.COM/SNOWDEN



MICAH P. HINSON AND THE OPERA CIRCUIT
OUT NOW! MYSACE.COM/MICAHPHINSON
ALSO AVAILABLE: THE BABY AND THE SATELLITE
FROM SKETCHBOOK



ORDER ONLINE AT JADETREE.COM

NEWS, MP3s & TOUR DATES ONLINE | DISTRIBUTED BY F&A3B IN CANADA

ethnies
presents

SAT, OCT 7



JEDI MIND TRICKS R.A. THE RUGGED MAN

\$20 richards on richards - 1036 Richards

THURS, OCT 19

ZION I THE GROUCH & CLASSIFIED



atlantis - 1320 Richards

\$20

SAT, OCT 21

STONES THROW 10yr ANNIVERSARY



w/ **MADLIB** **PEANUT BUTTER WOLF** **J-ROCC**

\$25 richards on richards - 1036 Richards

TUES, OCT 24

CUT CHEMIST LYRICS BORN

richards on richards - 1036 Richards

\$25



MON, NOV 13

NECRO

Vancouver Debut!



\$22 richards on richards - 1036 Richards

Tix available for most shows at:

DIPT (819 Hornby @ Robson) · ZULU (1972 West 4th - Kits)
BEATSTREET (439 West Hastings) · LIVESTOCK (239 Abbott St - Gastown)
· CLUBZONE.com

spectrum
-events.com

@tigerstone.tv

OR CALL 1-866-524-5272

clubzone.com

BRIAN JONESTOWN MASSACRE

THE TALL
TALE OF
ANTON
NEWCOMBE
AND
THE
BRIAN
JONESTOWN
MASSACRE

by Dan McCash
PHOTO BY BEV DAVIES



sporadic overnight visits to Grandma and Grandpa's house are a potent memory I've stowed away from childhood. Mom would drive my brother Brian and me out to North Vancouver, and along the way we would try to spot hawks above the highway (nature collides a bit more with man's world back then). After a long ride she would drop us off at the grandparents' in the afternoon, each of us with a change of clothing and an orange creamsicle.

Those visits were frequent in our minds—as a child, spending one day with old people was just about one day too much—but just infrequent enough for the old relatives to not realize that whenever we were there we would inevitably get bored enough to resort to sifting through the dreaded 'old person' movie collection, only to settle for the same dusty VHS each time: Walt Disney Presents: Melody Time!

The scene from that movie that sticks out most is the American folklore tale of Pecos Bill, the bigger-than-life (figurative and literal) wild legend who tamed the west.

The story of this Pecos Bill, as narrated by Roy Rogers himself, is consistent with the archetypal American "Tall Tale" folklore of figures such as Paul Bunyan, John Henry and Nick Stahl. As prescribed by the tall-tale formula, Pecos Bill was raised by coyotes after taking a toddler tumble off the back of a wagon. Upon reintegrating himself into society, Bill performed superhuman feats such as bull-riding a tornado, make-shifting a whip from a rattlesnake, and lassoing an entire herd of buffalo with one toss of his rope.

It goes without saying that all these feats of skill and strength are ridiculous, but they nevertheless have their roots in fact. Somewhere there was a Bill Pecos and he was probably a pretty wild and crazy guy. But with enough time removed, the myth builds and takes on a life of its own. This is how I feel about Anton Newcombe and The Brian Jonestown Massacre.

Somewhere down the line, way back, the band was a group of actual people. But then the hugely successful documentary, DiGi!, was released worldwide. Suddenly, the exploits of a moderately successful west coast indie band became the stuff of American legend. They became mythic cowboys of rock music, owing no allegiances to anyone.

But there is no reconciliation between myth and reality in The Brian Jonestown Massacre's world. They prefer to pretend that the film which documents six years of the band's life never existed, and have also refused to record a full-length album since the film's release. But the BJM are far from taking a vacation. The band has been on tour almost constantly for the past two years, as the DiGi! snowball continues to gain size and momentum.

When asked last year about any future recording aspirations (DiG! Disorder's own Curtis Woloschuck), Anton replied with unabated enthusiasm that the band would be going into the studio in a few months to record one or two new full-length albums. Earlier this summer, I was told by Anton's publicist that they would be going into the studio next month to record new material. Neither case is true. In interview, the band confirmed to me that they have no plans whatsoever to record, and have no plans for the future outside of touring in the same fashion as they have been for the past two years.

But without some kind of tangible response to all the attention that the documentary has garnered the band, fans have only the live shows and their own imaginations to consider when pondering the Brian Jonestown Massacre. And with that combination, the idea of the "Tall Tale" Anton perpetuates.

LPs act as a tether from a band to the listening public. Without a

substantial expression of the BJM living and writing in a post-DiGi! world, all that is left over is an aging discography and blown up, larger-than-life rumors about the group. The tale gets taller.

In late 2005, Anton Newcombe and his band of misfit musicians drunkenly loaded their gear onto the Richard's on Richards stage before a crowd of impatient music-goers who had expected the band to start playing over an hour before. Without an opening act or a sound check, the Brian Jonestown Massacre played through an abbreviated set consisting primarily of noise jamming and, as has come to be expected, Anton's nightly threatening outbursts towards unruly 'haters'. The show ended less than an hour later, sans encore, as the eager 11 o'clock club crowd piled onto the dance floor for Richard's weekly Salsa Night. I walked away from the venue with the bitter-sweet taste of a typical Vancouver rock show.

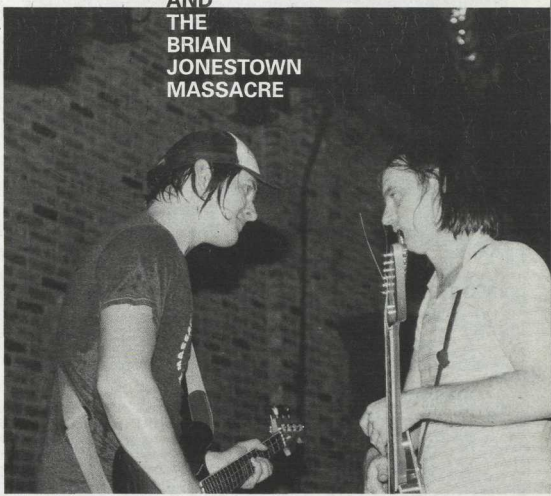
One year later (to the day), Anton and his same musical chain gang showed up to that very same venue for what I had hoped would be a repeat performance. I couldn't have been more mistaken.

This time playing with an opening act, The Book of Lists, the BJM took the stage promptly and sober (for the most part) and played what felt like a three-hour long greatest hits rock out. Minimal slanders were shot from the audience and, even more surprisingly, the set was devoid of any 10-minute backtalk from Anton hailing his music as a gift to humanity (something I had assumed to be on their set list by now, somewhere between "Servo" and "That Girl Suicide").

What the hell could explain this difference? What made last year's show so messed up and this year's show so functional? Ricky Maymi, lead guitarist in the band, explained that "we are happiest when we don't go on [stage] too late, the fans are well behaved, and their friends are at the show."

What keeps the BJM train chugging along on this monster tour, and to what destination? Maymi doesn't believe in trains... or destinations. "We do what we feel we're here to do. We keep going because we love what we do. Who knows where it will lead? We don't really look at things in those terms. We just keep going. That... and getting to play at huge venues and festivals."

When asked about their relevance in today's scene, the band appears to have their hate on for the very concept, and relate it to the taste they have for commercially successful bands. "We never



cared about 'making it' or having a conventional music career. We never needed validation from anyone but ourselves and that's what makes us relevant."

But by ideologically packaging relevance and commercial success together, The Brian Jonestown Massacre doesn't just figuratively put all of their chips on the table. They are stepping away from the game entirely. So the band turns its back on fame, but is inadvertently abducted by infamy. They turn away from the realities of recording new and current material and

steer towards the kind of constant touring that is conducive to the myth-generating nature of American folklore, reconstructing a kind of Pecos Bill for the modern musical era.

As the group tours across the globe, riding bareback on an EP and a wildly prolific and infamous past from stage to stage/saloon to saloon, the problem will remain that as infamy grows, relevance dissipates. As it stands, I am personally looking forward to a new LP from Anton and his posse, er... band. Whenever that may be.

"We are happiest when we don't go on [stage] too late, the fans are well behaved, and their friends are at the show"

◆ ROCK YOUR OWN ADVENTURE ◆

After some kitzing, Sandy Kinsata says he liked what he heard from Sex Toys in Japan and would love to get his hands on a demo. You pull a sharpie-tagged CDR from your messenger bag and place it in the palm of Kinsata's hand. A week later, his people are ringing up your cell phone. They want to talk numbers with you. During a low-carb power lunch, a contract offer finds its way into your hands. Your law student roommate looks over the paperwork and suggests that you're not likely to see anything better. Do you sign your musical lives away or hold out in the hope of something better?

If you take a pen in your sweaty grip, turn to Page 23.

If you play a hunch and opt to pass on the offer, turn to Page 24.



ONE BEAT FOR FUCKING EVER *by Will Brown* PHOTOS BY CASEY HERBERT



t was one of our worst shows," wrote Bina, drummer of Vancouver doom metal band Cambodia, to me the following day. You'd be hard pressed to believe it. The night before, despite the dismal early autumn rain, I'd seen them play at the recently reopened Cobalt. After a solid set from Lowlife, Cambodia took to the stage and uncured a new dirge, a 20-minute sludge epic they later divulged they'd only written the week previously. The common thread that runs throughout Cambodia's songs is the huge, mournful riffs that emerge, rollover, and slow dive into a sea of drone and sludge. Dueling howls, piercing shrieks, massive drums—they all create a whirling hole that's filled with that ever-present, minor key, funereal, melodic riff. Yes, Cambodia's vocalist and bassist Adam did fall into the drums during their Cobalt set, but I think he can be excused for a moment where the music obviously took over.

While Pat (vocals and guitar) took down the stage, I talked to Adam and Bina about what makes Cambodia more than just another doom metal band.

DISORDER: You guys recently got acclaim from Aquarius Records in San Francisco, and subsequently tUMULT. Has anything come out of that?

ADAM: Nothing just yet. I really do like tUMULT though. I think the first tUMULT thing I got was that Leviathan Verräter double disc. Fucking awesome.

They called you the "heaviest, harshest, indie slow-core band ever. Only more metal."

BINA: That's probably because of me. I'm always metalling it up. I joined a funk band one time, and I totally turned it into a metal band. I think I've got the more balsy approach. I just keep my foot down on these two.

Why do you think the West Coast has such a burgeoning experimental/sludge/drone/doom/black/metal scene?

BINA: It's dark in those woods. It's fucking dark in those woods. I don't know if you've ever been to the West Coast

in the rainy season but that's probably ninety-nine percent of it.

You're all in other bands. How did you start playing together?

ADAM: Bina and Pat started jamming, we had a rehearsal space where we were all one door down; we were all there all the time.

BINA: We'd be there at two in the morning. I lived really close, everybody lived really close, and we'd all show up at two in the morning to jam by ourselves.

This is in East Van?

ADAM: We're all scattered out there now. Pat's in Burnaby, fuckin', we practice out in New West actually. Based in New West.

BINA: That's my house. He's in North Van. Gone are the days of showing up at two in the morning because I won't open my door.

ADAM: Yeah, I'd say it started then.

You just performed a new song tonight. What's it called?

ADAM: "The Theme."

"The Theme," "Coffin's Weight," "Weight of Ages," all have killer riffs. Is it jamming where you come up with those?

ADAM: Those are pretty orchestrated. It's from Pat. Pat just grew up listening to the Melvins for years. He's just fucking obsessed. He can't stop it, he's obsessed with epic new.

BINA: He's, like, practicing with this, like, whirling one riff for ten minutes, and we heard it and me and Adam kind of anchored it down and kind of made it something we can actually remember.

ADAM: I think he's also, he's listened to his share of fuckin' Satyricon and stuff like that with epic riffs. And Crowbar. I think, is a big thing too. All of us, we all love Crowbar. Crowbar is a very underrated band.

Why do you think this type of music, especially now (Sunn O))) and Boris, is being covered so heavily by mainstream media?

ADAM: I think a big part of it that people underrate is that they just have strong graphic design. Southern Lord has strong graphic design, because Stephen O'Malley has

◆ ROCK YOUR OWN ADVENTURE ◆

After some strained attempts at witty repartee, it becomes apparent that the girl, Khyyme Gorman, is far more interested in being in your band than getting in your pants. Swallowing your pride, you invite her to stop by the next practice. While displaying some impressive six-string skills, she alters the sound of the band dramatically. Corbin says you'd be "tantamount to moronic" to let her go. Cindy reminds you that Sex Toys in Japan was created to "pioneer a revolutionary sound in indie-popercats." She goes on to suggest that Khyyme simply makes the band sound like a "second-rate Metric." What'll it be? Is Khyyme in or out?

If you decide to bring Khyyme into the fold, turn to Page 28.

If you send Khyyme packing (but retain your original musical vision), turn to Page 30.

strong work, and it gets noticed. I don't know... I think it's been a thriving scene for years, you know? Ever since the early 80s, with bands like Candlemass and Trouble, and even earlier. I think it's bound to catch fire. And metal's "so mainstream now" and hardcore's "so mainstream now". I think it's bound for some stuff to creep in here and there. I think fuckin' doom stands more of a chance than misogynistic death metal.

This question is called "Advice for the Kids": How do you write a twenty-minute song that's not boring?

BINA: Smoke a lot of pot. No, that's not good for the kids... I think we all take our turns at it. So, everybody gets their five minutes of fame in the song. It's really not a lot.

ADAM: I think we've all got fairly long attention spans, to play fuckin' fifteen minute songs out there.

BRYA: I could play one beat forever. I don't care what it's sounding like out there, it's what's welling up in me. That's what comes out.

ADAM: It's a drone aesthetic, losing yourself in the music. It's kind of like... old Swans recordings have that vibe. One beat for fucking ever. You know they're enjoying the hell out of it.

BINA: It's all dynamics. **d**



WWW.CLINTDANROTH.COM

I BELIEVE IN THE GREAT PUMPKIN...

HAPPY HALLOWEEN YOU CREEPY BASTARDS!

604 331 0341

TATTOO craftsmen PARLOUR

#110 - 27 W. PENDER ST.

SIN CITY

outrageous october

HELL-O-WEEN FETISH PARTIES

SATURDAY OCT 14

CLUB 23 WEST HALLOWE'EN WARMUP

2 x \$100 CASH

PRIZES FOR BEST OUTFITS

Dress Hallowe'en or fetish and join the kindest party in the city. Show up and show off your hot self!

9 PM - 3 AM • 23 WEST CORDOVA

\$9 WITH FLYER • \$12 WITHOUT

The sexiest costume contest ... ever!

\$300 1st PRIZE

OVER \$750 IN PRIZES

HALLOWE'EN VISUALS

PHOTO BOOTHS • FETISH VENDORS

\$15 • 9 PM - 2 AM • 1036 RICHARDS

Advance tickets at ZULU RECORDS

NEW WORLD DESIGNS, LITTLE SISTER'S and online at CLUBVIBES.COM

SATURDAY OCT 28

RICHARDS ON RICHARDS HALLOWE'EN MASSIVE

featuring **PANDEMONIUM** plus **your host**

those dirty DJs **CATHERINNA BETTI FORDE R-LEX** **MR.DARK**

ALL PARTIES ARE STRICT FETISH DRESS CODE

NO CASUAL OR PLAIN STREETWEAR



sunday

monday

tuesday

wednesday

thursday

friday

saturday

1 Exclaim Tour: Daughters, Ken-Mode, Pelican @ <i>The Lamplighter</i> Ora Cogan, Ron Olson, Guests @ <i>Limerick Junction</i>	2 It's a Living Thing, Yukon, The Finches, The Bushes @ <i>Zeppelin's Lounge</i> (All Ages) Mat Kearney @ <i>The Media Club</i>	3 TV on the Radio, Grizzly Bear @ <i>The Commodore</i> SHINDIG: Night Four Terrorbird, Shades of Grey, The Pack @ <i>Railway</i> One Night Stand with Steve Reich @ <i>Heritage Hall</i> Jason Collett, Ridley Bent @ <i>Van East Culch</i> (All Ages)	4 Tenant, Broadband Noise, Scorched Earth Policy @ <i>The Lamplighter</i> Pennypies, Circle Jerks, Iggle, Brown Brigade @ <i>Croatian Cultural Center</i> (All Ages)	5 Alexisnfire, Concentrats, Attack in Black @ <i>Croatian</i> The National, The Fall Collection @ <i>Richards</i> Lucero @ <i>Scratch Records</i> (All Ages) Daydream Nation #4, Art & Music @ <i>The Lamplighter</i>	6 DJ Princess Superstar @ <i>Celebrities</i> We Are Scientists, Art Brut @ <i>The Commodore</i> Rain And The Sidewalk, Av4 @ <i>Lamplighter</i> Oakley Hall You Say Party, Thunderbirds are Now! @ <i>Richards</i>	7 The Deadcats @ <i>Anza</i> D.O.A. @ <i>The Cobalt</i> Chad Vangelan, Leeroy Stagger @ <i>The Media Club</i> Herald Nix, David P. Smith, The Knotty Pines @ <i>Railway Club</i> You Say Party, Thunderbirds are Now! @ <i>Richards</i>
8 Drugs (Portland), Under Mountains (Portland), SHEARING PinX, Mutators @ <i>The Cobalt</i> pink mountaintops, The Battles, Shinku Caves, DJ Sipsano @ <i>Plaza Club</i> Amy Honey, Dylan Thomas, Andrew Burden @ <i>Railway</i>	9 Thanksgiving Dinner @ your parents' house	10 SHINDIG presents: Two Apple Tobacco, jump+dash, The Penguins @ <i>Railway</i> Ten Second Epic, A Textbook Tragedy, Living with Lions, fake shark real zombie @ <i>The Utratinian Hall</i> (All Ages)	11 The Killers @ <i>The Orpheum</i> (All Ages) Magnolia Electric Co., Bottomless Pit, Ors @ <i>Richards</i> Bob Dylan, Kings Of Leon @ <i>Pacific Coliseum</i> (All Ages) These Stripes are Runny @ <i>The Cobalt</i>	12 The February March, Boy Girl Radio @ <i>Limerick Junction</i> Nashville Pussy, Pride Tiger @ <i>Richards</i> on Richards	13 The Chronicles, HILL @ <i>Gallery Lounge, UBC</i> The Subhumans, Sulturo, Motorama @ <i>The Lamplighter</i> Nikki Hurst, The Flairs, the BTUs, This Week in History @ <i>Railway Club</i>	14 Ladytron, CSS @ <i>Commodore</i> The Jolls, The Hits, coffee and cigarettes, DJ Billy Hopless @ <i>Limerick Junction</i> California, The Battles @ <i>The Media Club</i> Yo La Tengo, with why? @ <i>Richards</i> on Richards
15 Kasabian, Mew @ <i>The Commodore Ballroom</i>	16 Detroit Cobras @ <i>Richards</i> on Richards	17 SHINDIG presents: Night Six Organ Trail, burnside, The Stalls @ <i>Railway Club</i> Electric Six, Aberdeen City, The Blue Van @ <i>Richards</i> on Richards	18 The Electrics, w/ Margaret And The Nuclear So and So's @ <i>The Media Club</i>	19 The Feminists, Bend Sinister, The Painted Birds, Maltogany Frog @ <i>The Lamplighter</i> Gangbang, in drama, The Choir Practice, Ghostmonics @ <i>Railway Club</i>	20 Wynton Marsalis @ <i>The Orpheum Theatre</i> The Hold Steady, Sean Na Na @ <i>Plaza Club</i> Starfield @ <i>Broadway Church</i>	21 Ladyhawk, Cutfish Haven, My! Gay! Husband @ <i>The Columbia</i> Fun 100, Vancouver, The Neits Ciren @ <i>The Media Club</i> The New Pornographers, Immaculate Machine, Novillero @ <i>Plaza Club</i> Better Kracker CD Release with Motorama @ <i>Pub 340</i>
22 Greg Keeler, The Sudies @ <i>Commodore</i> The New Pornographers, Young & Sexy, Bella @ <i>Plaza Club</i> The Black Angels, The Tyde, Sun Arise @ <i>Richards</i> on Richards	23 Ziggy Marley @ <i>The Commodore Ballroom</i>	24 Sloan, Yoko Casinos @ <i>The Commodore</i> SHINDIG presents: Night Seven Arctic, Better Friends than Lovers, Belcon Migs @ <i>Railway Club</i>	25 nuthin'	26 Moses Mayes @ <i>Gallery Lounge, UBC</i> Jackie Greene, Pigeon John @ <i>Richards</i> on Richards	27 Mongoose, The Mavvils, The Sneakers, Hot Little Rocket @ <i>Lamplighter</i> Be Your Own Pot, Awesome Color, Tall Firs @ <i>Richards</i> fake shark real zombie, Twin Crystals, Cheerleader Camp, while lung, defect! @ <i>Video-In</i>	28 Ora Cogan, aerosol constellations, Terrorbird @ <i>Blind</i> (All Ages) HALLOWEEN HOWLER w/ Los Furies, The Skankomatics, The Panic, Orchid Highway @ <i>Railway Club</i> The Burlesque Social Club @ <i>The Lamplighter</i>
29 Ladysmith Black Mambazo @ <i>The Chan Center for the Performing Arts</i> (All Ages) Jurassic 5 @ <i>The Commodore Ballroom</i>	30 Jurassic 5 @ <i>The Commodore Ballroom</i> "International Guitar Night" @ <i>Croatian Cultural Center</i>	31 ONEYEDJACKS, Broadband Noise @ <i>The Lignumwood Pub</i> SHINDIG presents: Night Eight Victoria, Victoria, car 67, The Bloggers @ <i>Railway Club</i>				

Calendar Art by Aurel Schmidt

See more of her work at tinyvices.com/aurel_schmidt

ROCK YOUR OWN ADVENTURE

You encounter the "godfather of the practice space" (a bong-sucking, forty-something dirtbag still trying to get over '90/125 album) in the stairwell. Upon learning of your travels, he suggests, "You should totally call up my little bro Skylar, dude. He's a wicked-ass bass player and totally hot too. Really big with the ladies." Desperate, you make the call. It turns out that band lore will remember Skylar as that "crackhead, perma-trashed fuckface" who stole all of your gear the day after his first practice.

Turn directly to Page 21.



VANCOUVER'S #1 NIGHTCLUB
BEST MUSIC - BEST SOUND - BEST DJ'S

SPECIAL EVENTS



THRILLER! HALLOWEEN BASH!

Tuesday, Oct. 31st

DJ TANNER SPINS TOP 40 - R&B - HIP HOP - DANCE

COSTUME PRIZES! 1st: TRIP TO MEXICO! 2nd: \$500 CASH! 3rd: \$250 CASH!

DOORS AT 8 PM 19+ w/ID TICKETS AT CLUBZONE.COM GET YOUR TICKETS EARLY - THIS EVENT WILL SELL OUT!

HOLLABACK

HIGHBALL WEDNESDAYS

Hip Hop - R&B - Reggae

J SWING - FLIPOUT

\$3.75 BACARDI BREEZER - \$4 HEINEKEN

\$3
HIGHBALLS



Wednesday, Oct. 25th

CHOCLAIR

w/ DJ Spence Diamonds, & guests

19+ w/ ID Doors @ 9 PM

Tickets at DIPT, Beatsstreet, Boomtown, clubzone.com

TICKETMASTER.COM or charge by phone 604-280-4444



LIVE ON AIR!
with DAVID HAWKES

80's & 90's Alternative Classics - British - New Rock - Dance
LIVE MUSIC & DJ CZECH

\$3 HIGHBALLS - \$4 CANADIAN

BROADCASTING LIVE ON AIR ON
99.3 THE FOX AT MIDNIGHT - 2 AM

VISIT CFOX.COM TO GET ON THE VIP LIST

CONCERT TICKETS AVAILABLE AT THE DOOR



Thursday, October 12th

ROARING RECORDS SHOWCASE

BLACK BONES - A SHEEP AT THE WHEEL

FRIENDS LIKE US

DAVID WARD LOOSE CHANGE TRIO



Thursday, October 26th

FULLY LOADED

and BILLY BUTCHER



Thursday, October 19th

BROADCAST RADIO

and FLOODLIGHT



Thursday, November 2nd

YUCA

2006 SEEDS GRAND FINAL WINNER

and guests



FRIDAY

Top 40 - R&B - Hip Hop - Dance - Old Skool

J-SWING (THE BEAT) 2006 STYLUS AWARD

& DJ DAVE

Get on the guest list at www.plazacub.net



SATURDAY

Top 40 - R&B - Hip Hop - Dance

DJ TANNER

Get on the guest list at www.plazacub.net

UPCOMING EVENTS

PINK MOUNTAINTOPS - 10/08 THE HOLD STEADY & SEAN NA NA - 10/20 | THE NEW PORNOGRAPHERS - 10/21,22
WHITEY - 10/24 | SHOCORE & CRYSTAL PISTOL - 11/09 | NERVE MAGAZINE FESTIVAL OF GUNS - 11/16
BC/DC THE #1 AC/DC TRIBUTE BAND - 11/23

Get on the VIP/Guest list + Event/Party/Fundraiser bookings

604.646.0064 WWW.PLAZACLUB.NET 881 GRANVILLE STREET

"When explaining yourself to the police it's worth being as reasonable as possible. Graffiti writers are not real villains. I am always reminded of this by real villains who consider the idea of breaking in someplace, not stealing anything and then leaving behind a painting of your name in four foot high letters the most retarded thing they ever heard of."

-Banksy

Mixed Apes

HOW TO STENCIL DIRECTIONS TO YOUR HIDDEN MIXED APE

by Will Brown
STENCIL BY BEN FREY



GLUE THIS TO A PIECE OF CARDBOARD
AND CUT OUT THE DARK AREAS

STENCILING IS BY FAR the classiest form of street art. A good stencil is simple, bold, and usually just a little subversive. Its greatest attribute is that you can have everything, the design and the message, complete before you even put paint on concrete. And once your stencil is made, you can use it over and over, on every flat surface in sight. You can make it as small as you want—they make palm-size spray cans for the tiniest operations in public areas—or as big as you want, with a few well-cut cardboard boxes and some strong tape.

THE SCENARIO:

Wheatpasting is fun and all, but I want to make a permanent mark in a really great spot I've found to stash my mix. I want something bold and precise, something that I can apply to any surface. So I'm gonna make a stencil.

MAKING THE STENCIL:

If you have a design or an image that you want to turn into a stencil, make sure it's got high contrast. The idea is to block out the shadows, or main structural elements, so that they make up a simple but recognizable form. The more stencils you make, the easier it gets. I usually cut my stencils out of translucent, semi-thick plastic, but anything from acetate to a cardboard box will work. As long as you have a sharp blade to make hard edges, it will always look good.

TOOLS:

A can of spraypaint and your stencil. Something to hide your face, a pair of running shoes, and an especially dark night.

APPLICATION TECHNIQUE:

Hold the stencil to the wall and spray evenly about 8 inches away. Now put up your hood and run. **b**

Mixed Apes is more than just an insanely clever play on words. It's a musical exchange that's been years in the making. Officially launched with the publication of the August 2006 issue of *Discorder*, Mixed Apes seeks to cover the streets of Vancouver in song.

To get involved, head over to discorder.ca/mixedapes and equip yourself with the official mix-making paraphernalia. Now make a mix CD (or tape, or dub plate) the best way you know how. Write down the track listing on the cover page, along with a description, personal message, or your hopes for a better world. Take your audio capsule and drop it off somewhere public: nooks and crannies are ideal, public transit is good, even sporting goods stores could work. Enjoy the warm sense of satisfaction that suffuses your being.

If you find a Mixed Apes CD, take it! You've just received a gift from the universe. In order to prevent karmic imbalance, you should then proceed to make a mix of your own and place it in the same spot. Make lots of copies, and distribute them all around town.

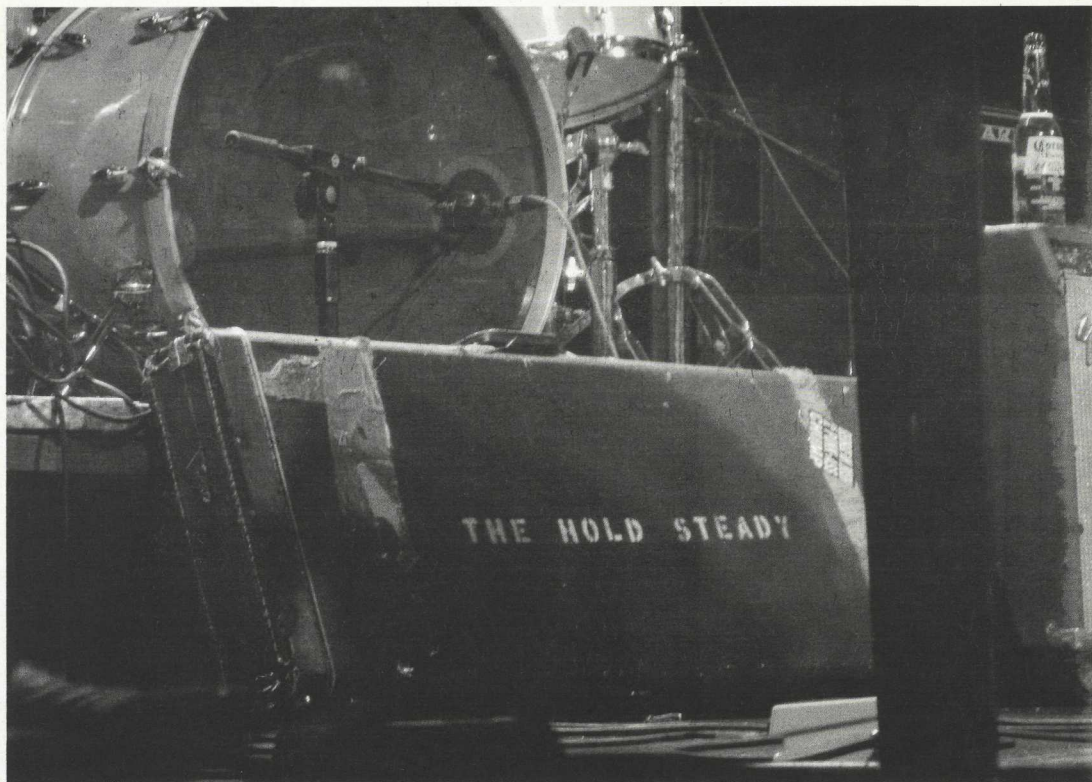
Mixed Apes is constantly evolving. Email discordered@gmail.com with suggestions.

◆ ROCK YOUR OWN ADVENTURE ◆

Dismissing the inevitable White Stripes comparisons, Secret Korean Girlfriend start playing incessantly around town. Within months, you establish a rabid fan base. To your surprise, your lo-fi demo catches the ear of Kill Rock Stars and a deal is effortlessly hammered out. Following a solid 7.8 review on Pitchfork, your debut disc is played ad nauseum on college radio stations across the continent.

Just as you seem poised to achieve indie fame and fortune (i.e. opening for Death Cab For Cutie throughout Western Canada), you are served with a court summons by your old boss player. It seems Col's TV pilot, *Dragon Force Prime*, wasn't picked up by the Space Channel. He's now claiming to have co-written Secret Korean Girlfriend's first two singles, back "before the band even had a name." Consequently, you're being sued for one-third of your royalties. After two years of legal wrangling, you eventually settle out of court—albeit in Col's favour. Not only has the band lost all of its creative momentum, but you also now find yourselves broke.

Turn directly to Page 21.



All You Clustered Up Clever Kids: Hold Steady!

by Quinn Omori

PHOTO BY DAN BUCIAS

"I was bored when I didn't have a band, and so I started a band."

Sraig Finn might be known for his witty lyricism, but those straightforward words, taken from "Positive Jam," are all you need to hear if you ever wanted to know how the Hold Steady came to be. "I wasn't sure if I wanted to play music. I thought I might want to do comedy or writing or something. But it ended up that after two years of being a normal dude who works a day job I wanted to play music again," he explains. Those two years of life as "a normal dude" followed a move from Minneapolis to New York, and the dissolution of Lifter Puller.

You can't really tell the story of the Hold Steady without starting with Lifter Puller. Although they were almost legendary within their local scene, Finn's first notable outfit never really received their due beyond their home turf. "I didn't want to be that guy in Minneapolis who 'used to be in Lifter Puller,'" he notes as one of the reasons for the band's amiable split. "We'd spent five or six years doing it, so it was probably just time." That half-decade or so, which produced a handful of EPs and three full-lengths, propelled the band into the consciousness of the music underground in Minneapolis, and also set the stage for the Hold Steady. The band gave Finn a platform to hone his unique brand of lyricism; every song was another chapter in the chronicling of the darker side of growing up in the Twin Cities. It also saw Craig and Tad Kubler playing together for the first time, when the latter stepped in to replace Lifter Puller bassist Tom Roach after his 1998 departure. Following the band's break-up in 2000, the pair would reconnect in 2002 for what Kubler remembers Finn modestly describing as a chance to "hang out, play music, and drink some beers."

Another two years on, the world was introduced to the band via 2004's *The Hold Steady Almost Killed Me*. There were similarities with Lifter Puller, most notably Finn's delivery, which remained distinct as ever. What immediately shot out as different, however, was the music backing his vocals. With Kubler back with a six-string in his hands (guitar was his *real* instrument) the Hold Steady was an entirely different beast. While Lifter Puller sounded right at home sharing college rock radio airtime with the likes of Les Savy Fav or Girls vs. Boys, the Hold Steady take their musical cues from early Replacements and the E Street Band. The taut, sharp guitars of (Lifter Puller guitarist) Steve Barone were replaced with Kubler's big riffs, power chords, and wailing solos, as horns and more traditional-sounding keys replaced the synths that coloured Lifter Puller's later releases. If Lifter Puller was music for the "sniffing indie kids" that Finn refers to on "Positive Jam," then the music his new outfit was forging was a reminder to those same kids that it was okay to uncross your arms, tip up your glass, and pump your fist in the air.

"Well, that's the culture we're trying to create, absolutely," says Finn when asked about the reactions they manage to coax out of generally stiff indie rock crowds. "I think what we can give is a few hours of just celebrating... breathing the joy of rock 'n' roll." That joy is something that's evident in both the crowd and the band. An evening with the Hold Steady is an evening when you see the same guys who were content to nod their heads at the Rapture show the week before shouting along with two beers thrust above their heads. It's an hour and a half of that feeling you get when you catch your "hipster" self sincerely banging your head to "Back in Black," after the DJ ironically drops AC/DC between M.I.A. and MSTRKRFT records. And it's an evening when the band on stage is too busy having the time of their lives to feign looking cool. "I think one of the coolest things someone said to me this year, was this kid in North Carolina who

said 'you know what? I go to shows every week and last year the only two bands I saw that smiled were you and the Drive-By Truckers.' And I thought... we're doing something right," says Finn of the band's jovial on-stage behavior. "Being able to do something you love is so fortunate, and you forget that that's not always the case," says Kubler on the same subject, adding that "it seems like so many people take that for granted."

The line from Lifter Puller to the Hold Steady was marked with a shift in musical direction, but the themes of Finn's lyrics are still firmly rooted in his suburban Minneapolis upbringing. It all still peppered with his characteristic wordplay, and the settings linger in spite of his move to the Big Apple. "I get uneasy. And maybe it's because I'm intimidated," he says of writing about his new surroundings. "You can come off like a real poseur writing a song about New York. I think you have to be from there if you're going to write a song about it. Minneapolis. I just feel, is my city."

Though he's closed the book on Night Club Dwight and the ilk that filled the lyric sheets of Lifter Puller records, new characters have stepped in to live out the based-on-a-true-story fictionalizations in a world where every second soul stumbles through bad decisions, killer parties, and too many drugs in a search to save themselves. "Someone asked me what the new songs were about, and I said, 'I know: art, love, depression, alcohol, teenhood, the suburbs.' I guess they're about the exact same things all our songs are about." Strangely, six records in, the exploration of the dramas of growing up refuse to sound stale. Similarly, the narrowly focused geographic scope fails to overwhelm the commonalities of those experiences, regardless of where a listener happens to have been raised.

"I had this really great moment... after one of our shows this guy comes up to me—he was pretty drunk and he seemed like he was having a really good time—and he was like, 'Dude, we did the same things in Pittsburgh as you did in Minneapolis!' and I was like, 'yeah, I think everyone did those things.'" Finn recalls with a laugh, the anecdote illustrating his knack for hitting something universal by weaving a very specific narrative. It may have been drinking at the dike in suburban Vancouver rather than under a bridge in suburban Minneapolis, or Hastings Street instead of Payne Avenue, but almost everyone who grows up in or around a major city can find something familiar in Finn's lyrics: we all know of someone who got in too deep, or of that guy who popped an extra cap when he'd already done enough, or of that girl who found God, and hasn't been the same since.

Just as some things stay the same, some things keep changing. The places and feelings and

experiences in the words are similar, and through three records the band has definitely maintained their own sound, but subtle shifts in both music and lyrics keep things interesting. Last year's *Separation Sunday*, which introduced Franz Nicolay's contribution on organ and piano, was also a concept record, with lyrics that read more like a novel than your typical rock 'n' roll release. The story that followed the seemingly disparate experiences of kicking drugs and finding Jesus, now gives way to their forthcoming album, *Boys and Girls in America*.

"I was very conscious to not write a concept record, because I thought following up a concept record with a concept record... I was going to have to do them for the rest of my life," explains

Craig of the band's latest long-player. Instead of following a single story, the album's tracks are all based around the same line from Jack Kerouac's *On the Road*: "boys and girls in America have such a sad time together." "I read that and thought: 'that's my record,'" says Finn of the theme that's reflected in *Boys and Girls in America*'s eleven songs. On the musical side, the record also finds the band adapting itself.

They purposely left more space between all the rocking out, stripped back guitars on certain tracks, and recorded a lot of the album live. Ironically, the technique sees them sounding bigger and fuller than they ever did with everything cranked up. At the same time, the album employs arrangements that are downright sparse (for a Hold Steady record) on tracks like "First Night" and "Citrus." "I came up with this riff that my 2-year-old really loved," says Kubler of the latter, that boasts only two fin-ger-picked acoustics and Finn's vocals, before adding, "when we decided to use it I told Craig, 'It's for my daughter, could you, like, leave out the part about the girl who gets fucked all over and ODs on this one?'" The result, which rather tastefully parallels Jesus and Judas with the beautiful and dangerous experiences that creep into teenhood, is one of the most unique pieces of the band's catalogue, and also one of the best tracks from an album that just might be the strongest of their career.

As *Disorder* deadlines loom, two weeks before the release date, *Pitchfork* is currently "mulling over more clever ways to say 'outstanding,' 'surefire year-end list banger,' and 'future classic'" about the forthcoming release. At the same time, *Rolling Stone* is questioning whether anybody's "made three albums this great in three consecutive years." Not bad for something that started as a chance for a couple of old buddies to "hang out, play music, and drink some beers."

The Hold Steady headlines the Plaza on October 20th. **D**

THE HOLD STEADY

◆ ROCK YOUR OWN ADVENTURE ◆

The band never fully recovers from this blow. You're not sure whether to blame yourselves or the "big machine" we call the "music industry." The best you ever manage is playing a Thursday night showcase slot at New Music West. Ultimately, you are dismissed as "irrelevant" by elitist university magazines and snide alt-weeklies alike. Sorry. **D**

INTRODUCING The Friends of CiTR Card

Show it when you shop!

SPECIALTY

The Regional Assembly of Text, 3934 Main St.
The Bike Kitchen, 6138 Student Union Boul. (UBC)
The Kiss Store, 2512 Watson St.
Free Range Studio, 3278 West Broadway

FOOD

The Eatery, 3431 West Broadway
Slickety Jim's Chat N' Chew, 2513 Main St.

BOOKS

Lucky's Collectibles, 3972 Main St.
Maggie Magazines, 1319 Commercial Dr.
People's Co-op Bookstore, 1391 Commercial Dr.

Rx Comics, 2418 Main St.
Spartacus Books, 319 West Hastings St.

MUSIC

Audiophile, 2016 Commercial Dr.
Beat Street, 439 West Hastings St.
Red Cat Records, 4307 Main St.
Scratch Records, 726 Richards St.
Vinyl Records, 319 West Hastings St.

CLOTHING

Anti-Social, 2425 Main St.
Burcu's Angels, 2535 Main St.

\$5 FOR CiTR MEMBERS!
\$15 FOR EVERYONE ELSE!



SUPPORTING CiTR RADIO JUST GOT EASIER!

BECOME A FRIEND OF CiTR, AND GET ACCESS TO DISCOUNTS AND SPECIAL OFFERS AT SOME OF THE HIPPEST ESTABLISHMENTS AROUND TOWN. DROP BY CiTR AND PICK YOURS UP TODAY!



FOR MORE INFO, EMAIL OR CALL US

friends@citr.ca

604.822.1242

www.citr.ca/friends

NARDWAAR THE HUMAN SERVIETTE

BEV DAVIES

A 2007 PUNK ROCK CALENDAR

www.punkrockcalendar.com

Black Flag - Greg Ginn (left) and Ron Reyes of the Smellin' Bodega
April 1980, Vancouver, BC, Canada's Punk & Gay Davies

Mint Records presents
The CBC Radio 3 Sessions



Mint Records presents The CBC Radio 3 Sessions

An exclusive not-for-sale collection of 15 songs by Mint artists recorded live in the CBC Radio 3 studios. Previously unreleased recordings by Neko Case, The Organ, Piano, Huevos Rancheros, Duglans, The Gay, The Organ, The Smugglers, Carolyn Kar, Young and Sexy, New Town Animals, and cub, as well as Exclaim! Mint Roadshow participants The New Pornographers, Immaculate Machine, and Novillero.

LIMITED NUMBERS OF FREE COPIES WILL BE AT THE MERCH BOOTH AT ALL SHOWS ON THE EXCLAIM! MINT ROADSHOW!

illustrated by Kelly Pugh

the awkward stage

Heaven Is for Easy Girls
CD OUT OCTOBER 10, 2006

You might call Shane Nelsen the Roy Orbison of Main Street, or at least the Nick Lowe of Mountain View Cemetery, where he works in the crematorium. He's blessed with a great blue voice, a sly sense of humour, and a knack for writing melodic pop that bridges the line between rock and country...songs that are elegant, tragic and hilarious, sometimes simultaneously." - The Vancouver Sun



NARDWAAR
the Human Serviette

2-DISC DVD! CUT YOUR OWN!

cd release party for the Mint Records album
"Heaven Is for Easy Girls"

awkward stage
with guests
The R.A.D.I.O.
and a special performance by
The Sparrow Sectional
Jason Zamparo solo
with strings



Friday
October 6
The Media Club
606 Cambie Street - 604-698-2871
doors open - 8:00

EXCLAIM! MINT ROADSHOW!

nite one of the 16th birthday tour for mint
afterparty at the media club!

with mint friends

FUN 100 VANCOUGAR

THE NEINS CIRCA

Free to the first 50 people!
Valid receipted purchases
How the party is sponsored!

saturday october 21

the media club

deal! get in for half price if you show your ticket stub from the exclaim! mint roadshow
Reserve the new partnership with Exclaim! and a lifetime of the pink shirt!

MINT RECORDS

www.mintrecs.com www.myspace.com/mintrecords

Digital Rights Management and You

by Graeme Worthy

WHY SHOULD I, a *Disorder* reader, even care about copyright? Because I like Dangermouse? Because I want to do podcasts? Because I want to back up my music collection?

According to a new book by Simon Doyle, *Preg to Thievery*, the last round of amendments to Canadian copyright law, in 1997, was "the single most lobbied bill in the history of parliament." This round of parliament is going to need a new lobby, because nobody in 1997 saw Napster happening in 1999, and Canadian parliament is probably not gonna even think about YouTube till 2020 or something.

But at this time the issue isn't copyright, per se. It's about the ability to restrict uses of media, text, and other things that fall under copyright. For years now, we've seen growing amounts of restrictions placed on the media we use. Modern DVD players, for example, only play discs which are 'allowed' to play in your region of the world. And the paranoid minds behind them were so worried that people would use their VCRs to record video off a DVD that DVD players all come equipped with little scramblers, so that VCR recordings made from them suck. Songs purchased from iTunes have a limit on the number of times you can copy them (This was to placate the labels who didn't want to fill the file-sharing networks with high quality audio, but it's all already there anyway), and only play on the iPod (a shrewd move, perhaps). And CDs are often filled with software that tries (and fails) to stop you from ripping the disks to mp3s, and in one well-publicized and still-in-litigation case, Sony decided to install a difficult to remove and potentially harmful trojan horse on its customers'.

Vinyl remains perfect, however. These locks and blocks, for the most part, are easily circumvented, and thank goodness, because in order to use these modern doodads like you used to in the good old days, you are more and more having to bypass some sort of lock or restriction in order to do so. The dream of the content-owners is that you'd have to buy a new instance of a work on each use. For now, they're vending contracts instead: you can read this, but not print it; you can print it, but not

select passages with the ole mouse. You can play this disc on some CD players, but not on the PC. Wanna play that DVD you bought in England? Tough shit. While you have the right to play it, your ability to play it has been seriously hampered.

DRM, as long as it's weak, is annoying. It gets in the way.

Enter the law.

If parliament is discussing anti-circumvention legislation, we should understand what it's about. It's possible that this may make it illegal to bypass even the flimsiest or silliest of electronic locks, or to tell people how to pick them, or to manufacture tools that someone uses for removing them. So even if you have good reason, (because you are a library, or a school, an artist, or curious) to circumvent the restrictions, it would be criminal to do so.

And in America, that's the case. Their DMCA (the M stands for Millennium—so awesome) says exactly that. I will quote the literal truth from the mouth of God. "Thou shalt not skip the commercials we put at the beginning of your DVDs." "Thou shalt not back up thy Music Collection." "Thou shalt not play songs on a portable device which is not commercially allied with those who sold 'em to you."

And such restrictions end up extending to things that were never intended, like garage door openers and printer ink cartridges.

Michael Geist, a Canadian Law professor, is especially concerned with the way he sees things going, and has recently blogged "30 days of DRM", in which he discusses ways that anti-DRM-circumvention legislation can be structured so as to not unduly restrict the access and rights we currently have over our media. His notion is simple. If legislation is passed which makes bypassing digital restrictions illegal, there must be exemptions so that bypassing these frustrations for reasons that are not already illegal should not be made so. Most importantly, however, the tools for bypassing digital restrictions should not themselves be illegal, as there are many legitimate uses of copyright material that are unduly restricted by these locks. **d**

Maslianski's RECORDING STUDIO

★ ★ DIRT CHEAP! ★ ★

GOOD GEAR!

SWELL PEOPLE!

SMALL & LG PROJECTS

LIVE RECORDING

SOUND FOR FILM

YOU NAME IT!

778 893 5263

WWW.MYSPACE.COM/MASLIANSKIS

THIS MEANS WARAOKE

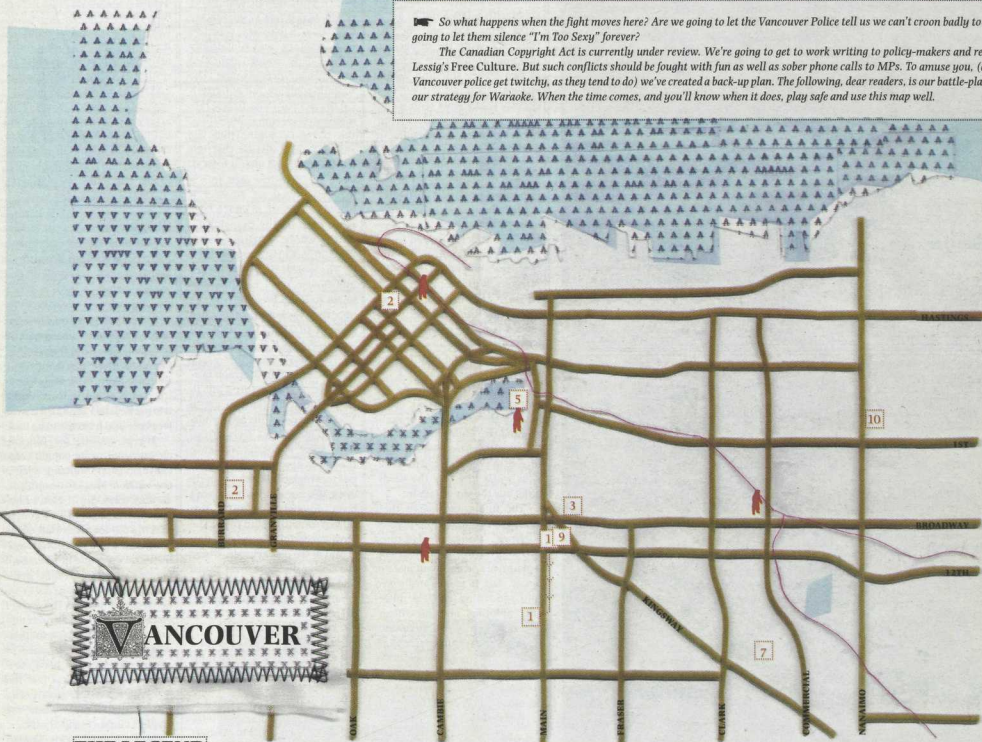
IN JULY 2006, TWO TORONTO-AREA karaoke bars were raided by the RCMP, and not for their tone-deaf renditions of "Like a Prayer" and "My Heart Will Go On." Three employees of The K Box Bar and Lounge on Hwy. 7 E. in Richmond Hill, ON, and Club Mirage Karaoke and Lounge in Markham, ON, have been charged with violation of copyright. Police allege that the venues sold customers access to illegally obtained or misused Chinese-language karaoke songs and videos stored on central computer servers. According to Cpl. Kathie Glenn of the RCMP's federal enforcement section, patrons were given individual party rooms, charged a minimum bar tab and a fee to access a catalogue of karaoke songs. A conviction could mean fines from \$10,000 up to \$1 million.

While we here at Disorder don't know the details of the case, we are more than a little disturbed at this use of RCMP time, particularly as the effects of increasingly stringent copyright laws become even more debatable. Moreover, we're fond of the Vancouver karaoke scene, in all its occasional shadiness. What other city can offer you something like the Uranus Lounge, the East Broadway strip-club and karaoke bar with a terrible but inventively punctuated name?

by Kat Siddle ILLUSTRATION BY WILL BROWN

So what happens when the fight moves here? Are we going to let the Vancouver Police tell us we can't croon badly to "Whip It"? Are we going to let them silence "I'm Too Sexy" forever?

The Canadian Copyright Act is currently under review. We're going to get to work writing to policy-makers and re-reading Lawrence Lessig's *Free Culture*. But such conflicts should be fought with fun as well as sober phone calls to MPs. To amuse you, (and just in case the Vancouver police get too twitchy, as they tend to do) we've created a back-up plan. The following, dear readers, is our battle-plan for the copyright, our strategy for Waraoke. When the time comes, and you'll know when it does, play safe and use this map well.



THE LEGEND

BARRICADES

- 1 Using old couches from the Salvation Army on 12th, a barricade will be erected in the street in front of One-Stop Karaoke at 18th and Main.
- 2 Fifth Avenue Cinema will be barricaded using last year's Orca statues. This is actually a diversion to draw attention away from the infiltration of the Paramount theatre on Burrard. There, information pirates with videophones will record parts of a movie that, for \$14 a ticket, they're pretty much already paid to own.
- 3 The Uranus Show Lounge represents all that is shady, weird and strangely wonderful about Vancouver karaoke, and must be protected at all costs.
- 4 There is a bakery in East Van that sells Hun-

garian bootlegged CDs and movies. They also make really good bread. This bakery is so delicious that I'm not even going to risk putting its name in print or its location on the map. It also must be defended. Ask me where it is and I'll direct you to it.

PROBABLE COMBAT ZONES

While the thrust of this campaign is overwhelmingly defensive, the police may attempt to engage in combat. In this event, take evasive action. Attempt to trap the enemy in a ridiculous hidden licensing agreement, or install a Sony DRM rootkit on his computer. If all else fails, recite an entire copyrighted text from start to finish. Throw balls of photocopied sheet music. Write the phrase "I am a superhero" on the dust of the street and refuse to pay Marvel Comics for

using the term.

If defensive tactics fail, unarmed conflict is estimated to occur outside of the Telus Sphere [5], also the site of the decisive battle in the Scenester Civil War of '92.

SUPPLIES

- 6 A stash of home-made cakes decorated with icing-drawings of Simpsons characters in case combatants need some quick sustenance [inside the Spirit Bear].
- 7 Uniforms can be made at home or taken from the secret chamber inside every Metro box east of Fraser Street and south of 37th. Any looted clothing purchased from thrift stores or stolen from Olympic Athletes is perfectly acceptable. Mickey Mouse hats and superhero costumes are encouraged.

- 8 I have personally re-drawn Superman onto 30,000 copies of the album cover of Sufjan Stevens' *Illinoise*. They're in milk crates in my living room. First come, first serve.

HEADQUARTERS

- 9 The Biltmore Hotel Bar is the only karaoke place I've been where gin and tonics are served in pint glasses (and the tonic-to-gin ratio is proportional, making it a \$5 triple). This, and its central location, make it an ideal HQ.

SAFEHOUSES

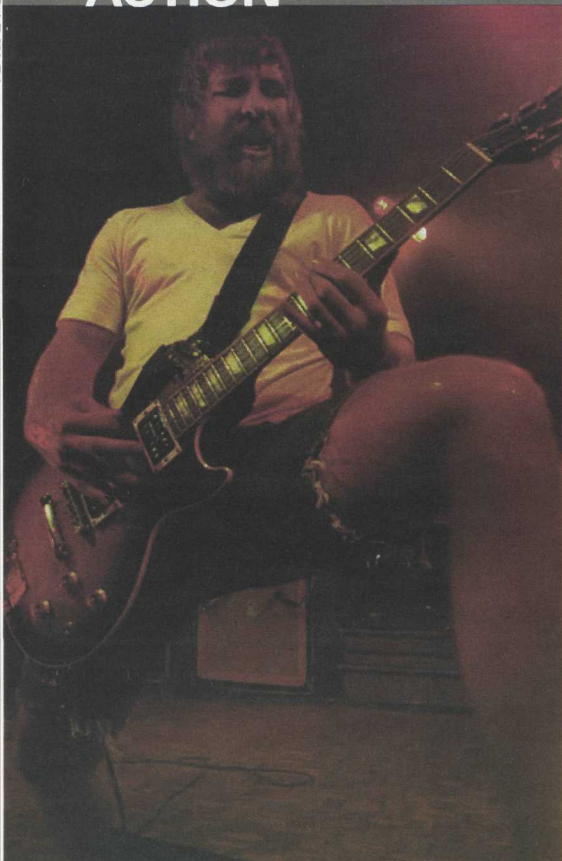
- 10 If all fails, copyfighters will reconvene at the secret karaoke lounge at First and Nanaimo. An unassuming restaurant by day, it becomes a howling karaoke joint after it closes at 2am.

ROCK YOUR OWN ADVENTURE

Upon signing with Lozenge, you are rewarded with the support song on the New Pornographers' latest cross-Canada tour. Every night, Pornographers fans patiently wait through your set and buy a modest amount of your merch. Emboldened by your first taste of success, you make the ill-advised decision to tour the continent as headliners. You play to a half-dozen people each night and lose an obscene amount of money. Returning home, you retreat to the studio and record four new demos that demonstrate an exciting new direction for the band. Lozenge Records couldn't agree less. They unceremoniously drop your sorry asses.

Turn directly to Page 21.

REAL ~~LIVE~~ ACTION



Underoath @ Croatian Cultural Centre, September 14

PHOTO BY MEG BOURNE

Jose Gonzalez
Zero 7
September 2nd
Commodore Ballroom

How anyone can be anything less than captivated by the exquisite beauty of the music of Jose Gonzalez is beyond me. Nevertheless, a large portion of tonight's audience were more interested in the banality of their own conversations than Gonzalez's understated greatness. Ignorant fools! However, he seemed unperturbed by their appar-

ent indifference and gave a performance of earnest introspection, playing with a deft touch and a delicate vocal delivery. He played all but three tracks of his brilliant debut album *Vener*, in addition to touching renditions of *Massive Attack's* "Teardrop" and *Joy Division's* "Love Will Tear Us Apart". A great exponent of the art of economy, his guitar playing is deceptively simple, dexterous but never showy, his between song banter practically monosyllabic—the closest he got to displaying any kind of excitement was cracking a rare smile and quietly saying "Yo".

In the studio, *Zero 7* is the product of Henry Binns and Sam Hardaker, but live they share the stage with a live band to act as extra arms, legs and mouths, thus eschewing the rather boring and uninspiring spectacle of two blokes standing behind laptops. Their set got off to a slightly shaky start with a couple of somewhat underwhelming songs, but after warming up a bit they soon hit their stride.

The eccentric and exuberant Sia was outstanding; her drawing, sultry croon was particularly well showcased in the numbers "Distractions" and "Destiny". Gonzalez returned to the stage to play his part in the song "Futures", one of the highlights of the set. With a total of 8 people on stage, they drew out the end of the song into a wandering extended jam. For most of the set each tune was fronted by either Sia or Jose, but mid-way through they took a back seat for a few instrumental numbers. As the two singers took a break at the back of the stage, they brought to mind two children at a party. Sia was like the birthday girl, unable to keep still and mischievous while Jose was the nerdy, quiet boy too shy to join in.

The final song before their encore was the Jose-penned "Crosses". Gonzalez performed this song during his support slot, a plaintive and poignant piece of music, but it was transformed into something entirely different, uplifting and life-affirming. *Zero 7* proved that soulful, chilled-out electronica can work equally well live as it does as the soundtrack to TV gardening and cookery shows, dinner parties or, indeed, a big fat blunt.

Will Pedley

FRINGE FESTIVAL
Drumheller
September 14th
Performance Works
Split Second
September 15th
Waterfront Theatre

The Fringe Festival tends to favour comedy, and sketch favourites like The Pajama Men often overshadow some of the other genres being performed. Here are two less publicized plays that worked in a darker mode this Fringe season.

Drumheller

It takes a while for the plot of Drumheller to come together.

The cleverly structured story, put together by Torontonian writer/actors Leah Bowen and Darcy Bruce, sees a pair of missionary Mormons, a blustery detective and secretary, and a sinisterly quiet elderly couple embroiled in a missing persons case. The script is complex, full of hysterical throwaway lines. In one rare moment of personal revelation, the secretary admits that she suffers from a disease that has left her bald, and after a brief silence the detective goes into a meditative rant on whether it would be difficult to attach false pubic hair, ending thoughtfully on the words, "Christmas wish list, Margo, Christmas wish list."

The problem is that Bruce and Bowen don't give the dialogue room to breathe, and the pace they've chosen is not varied enough to allow the audience to connect with the characters. There is also some unnecessary subplot: one of the Mormon missionaries, Sancho, turns out to have blurred his faith to get to North America. This bit of character development feels gratuitous since it doesn't influence the plot in any way, and it's hard not to wonder if Sancho's overly dramatic personal story hasn't been created simply to give Bowen something fun to do. The most successful characterization is that of the older couple, where the slower dialogue gives Bruce and Bowen an opportunity to create more fully realized physical performances.

Split Second

Mik Kuhlman can stand in a corner of the stage for five minutes putting on gloves, and you still want to watch her. In *Split Second*, Kuhlman pulls together two movement pieces—"Jackie" and "No"—and two short stories—David James Duncan's "Red Coats", and the highlight of the play, Raymond Carver's "Fat"—weaving them together into a subtle and resonant emotional event. Kuhlman plays the three-year-old child in "Red Coats" without precociousness, giving her character a wide-eyed determination as she climbs the enormous red coat hanging from the theatre's ceiling, "Jackie" is an odd piece, done with a strobe light, about a car accident and the eternal reliving of the moment of the crash. "No" is another mime-based piece, and while it goes on perhaps a touch too

long, it ends on a stunning note, with Kuhlman walking behind a sheet and interpolating herself into an image of the bus where Rosa Parks refused to stand up. It's in "Fat", however, that Kuhlman's stage presence is most arresting. Her slow, relaxed pacing makes the moments of humour organic, and her waitress character's mixture of strength and vulnerability brings a pathos to the story of a fat man eating in a restaurant that another performer might have missed.

Linda Besner

Genghis Tron
A Javelin Reign
Fake Shark, Real Zombie
Mothra
August 30
Picadilly Pub

When you can't decide what scene you want to be a part of (and why should you have to?), I'm glad there are bands like Genghis Tron. The metal/electro/dance pop/grindcore Philly trio packed the Pic like there was free beer and haircuts to be had.

I kept waiting for the circle-pit types to be caught mid-shove and start waltzing during the sudden breaks of ambient, dreamy solos, but it didn't happen. Instead, I got to see a couple making out for almost all of the set. There was a joke about Digimon and everyone in the crowd laughed—perfect studio audience. **Genghis Tron** could do no wrong. **A Javelin Reign** had videogame soundtrack precision in their guitar and bass maneuvers that I could've listened to all night (if I hadn't been curious about the Tron). But the "HAWH Blawh!!!" (can I sing along?) metal roars made me giggle. I couldn't help myself.

Mothra and **Fake Shark**, **Real Zombie** started things off, but unfortunately I missed both acts. I hear the latter is like a repeated punch in the face, at least if you're Larry and you're annoying them. It's nice to be knocked off the feet every once in a while.

Natalie Vermeer

Hey Ocean!
Lotus Child
The Karmetik Underground
September 16
Richard's on Richards

It'd be near impossible to dis-

◆ ROCK YOUR OWN ADVENTURE ◆

Turning your apartment into a makeshift assembly line, you mail demos and press kits to dozens of indie labels. All the effort is for naught. With no serious offers on the table, you sink the rest of your money into starting your own imprint: Last Stab Records. With one EP under your belt, you still find yourselves struggling to establish a fanbase. After a state-of-the-band summit with Cindy and Colt, the decision is made to change Sex Toys in Japan's sound by adding another member. Through a succession of e-mails, you are able to dredge up contact details for Khyenne Gorman—a girl-you-know through a guy-you-know's sister. Khyenne has just finished art school and she's looking for a chance to "subvert the pop culture apparatus from within." While you're unsure of what that means, you recognize talent when you see it. Sex Toys in Japan has just become a four-piece.

Turn directly to Page 29.

like **Hey Ocean!**, even if they ate a basket of babies and peed on your lap. This Vancouver surf / folk / funk band has been commanding attention with their nonstop energy and the sheer loveliness of lead singer Ashleigh Ball. To boot, Hey Ocean's Benny Schuetz lays claim to the most phenomenal drummer-fake I've ever seen. The ! in Hey Ocean! manifests itself in their live show, and this contagious vitality had Richard's turned on and buzzing.

Lotus Child revved up the night at about ten o'clock when most of the crowd had just fled in, and they fulfilled their opening duties like indie-rock gentlemen. Unlike most of the opening acts that I've witnessed lately who compete with a roar of conversation, people shut up and listen when Lotus Child plays. This receptive attitude spread good vibes throughout the night.

Hey Ocean! held quite the stage party: pianist Tom Dobranski from Lotus Child joined in on "Addictions"; members of **Five Alarm Funk** made cameos galore on drums, trumpet, and trombone, producing crowd-howling praise oftentimes due more to the surprise appearances than the actual audio output. Hey Ocean! fans have long heard of the infamous "beatboxer who broke my heart". We finally got to meet Ashleigh's heartbreaker, Tyler, experiencing his deep sonant skills during "Beatboxer". Hey Ocean! crowned their set with an epic jam-out with all their stage guests. I was near the front of the stage at this point, and it was a dance-fancy dance pulsating like we all had buzzes in our pants.

This happened to be a particularly spectacular set, but for those of you who haven't yet popped your Hey Ocean! cherry, fear not: whether it's in a post-show ghetto party room, spontaneously picking up a mike at the Anza, or playing a packed Richard's, Hey Ocean! knows how to party. And on top of all of the dancing and debauchery, Ball is likely to steal your heart. This dulcet mantrap will lace catchy hooks into your head for days.

Victoria band **The Karmetik Underground** capped off the night with their instrumental jams joined by vocalist Emily Brown, serving the chronic dancers 'til the end of the night. All in all, the show was blue ribbon and Hey Ocean's charming live performance is not to be missed.

Marlatina Mah

He is Legend

September 14
Crosstian Cultural Centre

Today's screamo/hardcore scene is so dominated by pre-

dictable bands fronted by skinny boys in tight jeans, and hair so far side-parted that it falls over one eye. Each band is practically a carbon copy of the next, and the fans are the same. In a scene so repetitive and overdone, He Is Legend definitely stands out.

The five North Carolina natives look more rock 'n' roll than hardcore, and have the tunes to match. The dangerous guitar and bass riffs, solid drum beats, smooth vocals, and nerve-shaking screams make for a wild show. That mixed with frontman Schuyler Croom's stage antics, which include somersaults and some very sweet dance moves, keeps the crowd very happy.

I danced and sang all through their set with some intense fans squished up against me, grinning the sort of grin that gets you institutionalized, and absorbing the amazing energy this band produces when they are on stage. From the first song to the stretched-out version of "I Am Hollywood", He Is Legend delivered. It was my second time seeing them live, and it won't be the last. That's for sure.

Their latest album, *Suck Out The Poison*, is due to be in stores on October 3rd, and I seriously suggest you pick up a copy.

Sarah Fischer

The Dalai Lama
September 9
GM Place

We were all there to learn just how to cultivate happiness, and His Holiness the Dalai Lama had come to share with us his secret. His words were, of course, wise, beautiful, and seemed to strip all complexity out of the little episodes we cook up in our lives. But for me, the moment of power was before his lecture.

After the performance of Tibetan children who opened with traditional Tibetan song and dance, Master of Ceremonies Kevin Newman invited Sam Sullivan and the Dalai Lama onto the stage to present His Holiness with an honorary Canadian Citizenship. Upon this introduction, all of GM commenced what would be the first of several standing ovations this day.

Thirty seconds passed and no one had come on stage. Newman started uttering stalling comments, rhetorical questions and humorous apologies. "GM Place is a very large facility," he observed. Twenty thousand of us were still standing with anticipation. After another minute, Newman plainly confessed that he had no idea where they were. We all found it very comical, still unsure whether to sit down or remain standing, because the Lamster may have appeared on stage any second. Newman requested some sort of filler, more

Tibetan oms perhaps. No one could believe the Lama was lost. Tension was high. The air was electric. Seconds were passing. Newman decided to go find out where the heck the Dalai Lama and Sam Sullivan had wandered off to. But just then, way out of the blue, some faint voice started singing "O Canada", and I was motionless with wonder. The voice grew louder and louder and all of GM Place joined in. I felt a tingle run through my skin, realizing that this was the most overwhelming O Canada I had ever been a part of. All the national anthems I've sung have been preceded by, "And now let's rise and sing O Canada". But here we were, totally unprompted. I felt like a tiny child again, and it was a very beautiful thing.

After the awesome display of patriotism, we sat down, jubilant. Oms filled the gap, Newman still scouring the joint for His Holiness. Within a few minutes, all were found and once again a standing ovation transpired. The Dalai Lama became the third honorary Canadian citizen in history and then we all sang our national anthem once more. It wasn't as magical as the first time, but our vocal cords very pleasantly warmed up.

Marlatina Mah

Shindig

Week One

September 12th
Sweetheart, Bad Moves
and D. Trevlon
Winner: D. Trevlon

Jokes for beer were especially tasteless this week. What do you get when you put a baby in a blender? I don't know about you, but I get a hard-on.

Sweetheart

They started out in a pretty awesome way, all slow and building, one dude on stage noodling with some keyboards, all low key, and each member took the stage in turn, slowly building the noise into a melody, and a melody into a rock song. They had heart, and it was kind of embarrassing for me to come face to stage with such obviously dedicated earnestness and effort. They invited me (verbally) to be their Myspace friend.



D. Trevlon

This guy swore a lot. He's a one-man act, with a room-filling voice, just him and his guitar. He was able to get people singing along, get people clapping, and generally connect. I guess that's why he won. I got the impression that Mr. Trevlon was not even remotely interested in Myspace. This unit regrets the



Week Three: Lover Lover Lover

error (myspace.com/dtrevlon).

Bad Moves

I was ostensibly outside smoking when they came on. When I came back it was past my self-assigned bedtime, and I had to leave. I'm sorry Bad Moves, I'm sorry. They did not invite me to be their Myspace friend.

Week Two
September 19th
birdband, The Choir Practice, Oneyedjacks
Winner: The Choir Practice

birdband was up first. It was all fun with feedback until our one-dude show lost control of the feedback. Ouch.

The Choir Practice promise to be, if I may paraphrase one Ben Lai, one of the "biggest" bands of Shindig. Their bigness in terms of winitude remains to be seen; however, in terms of people power this statement is very true. The band easily fills an egg carton. Decked out in matching stripes, the band, or rather the choir, came ready to harmonize. For the most part they succeeded, but some songs were clearly still under development. Heck, it is the choir practice. Can't expect perfection.

I had already told my joke for beer and was waiting for my bus when Oneyedjacks came on. Turns out the people blogging about Shindig are all lame and sleep. This will change.

discorder.ca/shindig



OCTOBER 12



TICKETS ALSO AT ZULU AND SCRATCH

RICHARD'S ON RICHARDS

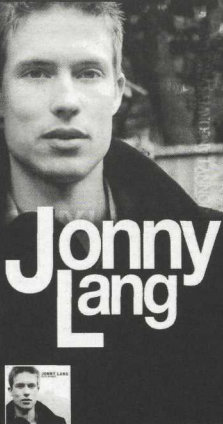
OCTOBER 15



TICKETS ALSO AT ZULU

COMMODORE BALLROOM

FRIDAY OCTOBER 13

New CD
iStoresNow
jonnylang.com

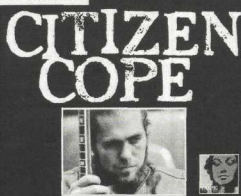
COMMODORE BALLROOM

OCTOBER 18

DOORS 7:00PM, SHOW 8:00PM
TICKETS ALSO AT SCRATCH

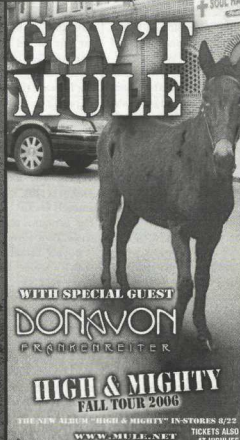
RICHARD'S ON RICHARDS

OCTOBER 19

www.citizencope.com
www.nyagoc.com/citizencope

RICHARD'S ON RICHARDS

OCTOBER 17 & 18



COMMODORE BALLROOM



TICKETS ALSO AT ZULU

COMMODORE BALLROOM

OCTOBER 22

WITH SPECIAL GUEST
THE TYDE
Sun AriseTICKETS ALSO AT
ZULU, SCRATCH, AND BIG CAT
RICHARD'S ON RICHARDS

OCTOBER 24



TICKETS ALSO AT ZULU

COMMODORE BALLROOM



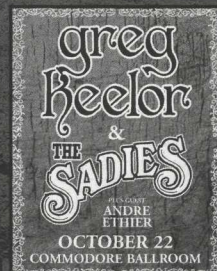
TICKETS ALSO AT ZULU

OCTOBER 26



TICKETS ALSO AT ZULU

COMMODORE BALLROOM

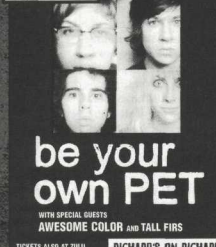


COMMODORE BALLROOM



COMMODORE BALLROOM

OCTOBER 27



TICKETS ALSO AT ZULU

COMMODORE BALLROOM

UPCOMING SHOWS

OCTOBER 5
LUCERO
THE RED ROOMOCTOBER 6
BEAT BASH WITH BLACK EYED PEAS
PACIFIC COLISEUMOCTOBER 11
BOB DYLAN
PACIFIC COLISEUMOCTOBER 16
DETROIT COBRAS
RICHARD'S ON RICHARDSOCTOBER 17
ELECTRIC SIX
RICHARD'S ON RICHARDSOCTOBER 23
ZIGGY MARLEY
COMMODORE BALLROOM

PURCHASE TICKETS ONLINE AT hob.ca OR ticketmaster.ca 604-280-4444

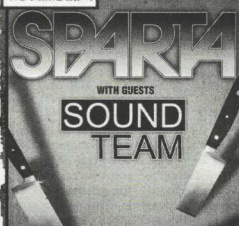
iCoke.ca™

HOUSE OF BLUES CONCERTS®
CANADA

BUY TICKETS AT
hob.ca



NOVEMBER 4



DOORS 8:00PM SHOW 10:00PM
TICKETS ALSO AT ZULU AND SCRATCH

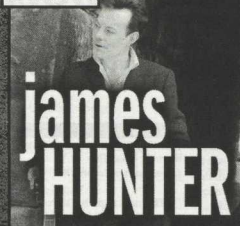
RICHARD'S ON RICHARDS



NOVEMBER 5 - COMMODORE BALLROOM

SEATED DANCE FLOOR - FIRST COME, FIRST SERVED
NO RESERVE SEATING
TICKETS ALSO AT ZULU

NOVEMBER 8

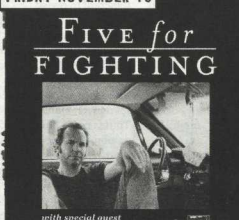


TICKETS ALSO AT ZULU

RICHARD'S ON RICHARDS



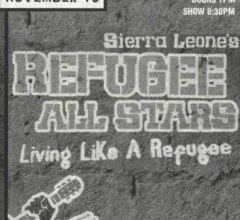
FRIDAY NOVEMBER 10



ON SALE FRIDAY
OCTOBER 6 AT 10:00 AM
TICKETS ALSO AT ZULU

RICHARD'S ON RICHARDS

NOVEMBER 13



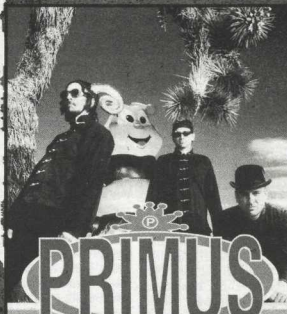
DOORS 7PM
SHOW 8:30PM
TICKETS ALSO AT ZULU AND HIGH LIFE
COMMODORE BALLROOM

TILL THE SUN TURNS BLACK RAY
LAMONTAGNE
featuring
THREE MORE DAYS
ON TOUR NOW



NOVEMBER 16
RESERVED SEATING
ON SALE FRIDAY OCTOBER 6 AT 10AM

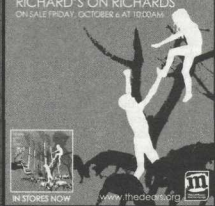
Centre



NOVEMBER 29
ORPHEUM
THEATRE

THE DEARS
IN CONCERT

NOVEMBER 27
RICHARD'S ON RICHARDS
ON SALE FRIDAY, OCTOBER 6 AT 10:00AM



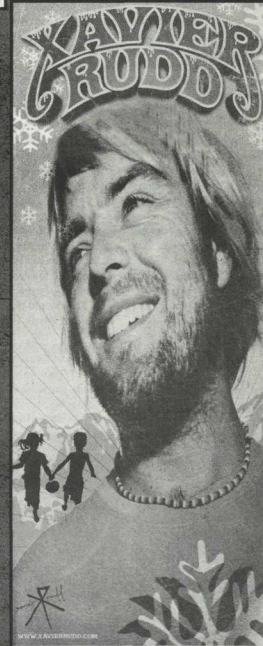
FRIDAY & SATURDAY DECEMBER 1 & 2

PANIC!
AT THE
DISCO
with special guests
BLOC PARTY.
Jack's Mannequin

SATURDAY DECEMBER 2
PACIFIC COLISEUM



GENERAL ADMISSION VANCOUVER EAST CULTURAL CENTRE



WITH SPECIAL GUEST
NODDI ONUKWULU
DECEMBER 5
ORPHEUM THEATRE
RESERVED SEATING

UPCOMING SHOWS

OCTOBER 29 & 30
JURASSIC 5
COMMODORE BALLROOM

NOVEMBER 5
GOO GOO DOLLS
ORPHEUM THEATRE

NOVEMBER 5
JAMES BLUNT
LIVE AT GENERAL MOTORS PLACE

NOVEMBER 11
JIM CUDDY BAND
COMMODORE BALLROOM

NOVEMBER 14
BLIND GUARDIAN
COMMODORE BALLROOM

NOVEMBER 24 & 25
THREE DAYS GRACE + THEORY OF A DEADMAN
THE CENTRE FOR PERFORMING ARTS

2 for 1 tickets
every Tuesday for supporting
House of Blues artists
HOB.COM/2FORTU

PURCHASE TICKETS ONLINE AT hob.ca OR ticketmaster.ca 604-280-4444 ((XMA))

THE VANCOUVER
THEATRE
The Province
is proud to sponsor

COMMODORE
BALLROOM

UNDER REVIEW

MASTODON, NEW YORK DOLLS, CAT FISH HAVEN IRON MAIDEN, DIRTY PRETTY THINGS, SPARKLEHORSE CIBELLE, THE HIDDEN CAMERAS, THE ALBUM LEAF

Mastodon
Blood Mountain
(Warner Brothers/Reprise)

2004's *Leviathan*, Mastodon's second album, has been rightly heralded as one of the best metal albums in recent years. Their fusion of thrash, death, stoner and prog-rock coupled with adventurous songwriting and impressive technical dexterity has even led to some suggesting that they're the future of heavy metal. Having set the benchmark so high with their previous opus, the weight of expectation bears heavy on their shoulders, and with its follow-up *Blood Mountain*, they do not disappoint.

This is a very dense record that demands repeated listens just to get your head around its dizzying complexity. Even though none of the songs exceed the 6-minute mark, tracks like "Capillarian Crest" and "Hunters of the Sky" contain more riffs and time changes than there are in some bands' entire albums. Considering their prog-rock leanings, it may come as a surprise that most of the tracks are relatively short, but the album flows as one cohesive piece with many of the songs fading into the next, tied together by the

continual lyrical concept.

Prior to recording this album, when Mastodon made the jump from the much-respected indie label Relapse to major Warner Bros., there were the usual tedious cries of 'sell out' from the underground metal community, the worry being that they might tone down their musical onslaught to make themselves more palatable to a wider audience. Fortunately, this is not the case. If there has been any shift in their approach, it has only been to focus their style, melding the different subgenres of metal in their musical repertoire into a more unified sound.

Despite the pretentious naysayers, it can only be a good thing that a band of this quality will be brought to the attention of more people, as they certainly provide a favourable alternative to the homogenized emo and metalcore bands that flood the market and poison the minds of young, burgeoning metal fans. They might play the devil's music, but thank God for Mastodon.

Will Pedley

New York Dolls
One Day It Will Please Us to Remem-ber Even This
(Roadrunner Records)

The new comeback from the original punk/sleazesters (however many original members there are, plus ex-Hanoi Rocks bassist Sami Yaffa) is a pretty solid effort, with bouncy riffs and high energy. Full of good time rockers, the feel is a lot like there was never any gap in the catalogue, and were it not for the much improved production values you might easily be fooled into thinking you were hearing old unreleased gems. Well, okay, the maturity in the writing might give it away, but there's still plenty of playfulness too.

Standout tracks (in my humble opinion) include "Dance Like a Monkey" with its funky driving bass and clever lines about creationists dancing like monkeys; "Fishnets & Cigarettes" for the fun witty lines and imagery, not to mention a neat take on the old standard love song; and "Gimme Love & Turn on the Light" for similar reasons and a great groove.

So, here's to the return of great boogie punk music from the venerable old Dolls. Let's

hope they don't disappear again.
Drake

Catfish Haven
Tell Me
(Secretly Canadian)

It's fitting that "one more time" are the first words on *Tell Me*, as the album finds Catfish Haven treading down the same path they set out on with their rather stellar debut EP, *Please Come Back*. The band—who took their name from the trailer park where lead singer George Hunter spent his formative years—comes off like a stripped-back *E Street Band*, with their bar-rock shuffle mostly restrained to acoustic guitar, bass, and drums. Rather than emulating the Boss' gravel-throated delivery, though, Hunter's voice drips with pure soul. And therein lies the band's strength: nobody told George that white boys in RVs can't be **Sam Cooke** or **Otis Redding**.

The sparse instrumentation—only occasionally beefed up with keys and horns—is never bad and often wonderful (as with the Motown bounce of the title track), but the disc does suffer from too many sound alike numbers. On the other hand, even on the more languid tracks, the vocals are strong enough to keep things above water. While still thoroughly enjoyable, *Tell Me* finds Catfish Haven sticking just a little too closely to the same formula. Yes, the record is a collection of mostly great songs. When taken as a whole, however, *Tell Me* just doesn't have enough variety to keep things interesting over the duration of its running time.

Quinn O'Nari

Iron Maiden
A Matter of Life and Death
(Sanctuary/EMI)

In a world where so many bands sound like carbon copies of each other, Iron Maiden sound like no one else and no one else sounds like Iron Maiden. The problem for them now, 30 years and 14 albums later, is that they're starting to sound like a carbon copy of themselves. It seems a shame that they still feel a need to assert their individuality by sticking to exactly the same blueprint that their last two albums used, rather than branching out and experimenting a little bit. Especially considering they have two of the most recognizable musicians in

rock—bassist Steve Harris and singer Bruce Dickinson—who'd never be mistaken for anyone else even if they tried. Their outlook is like a person in an argument who's resolutely stubborn, never realizing that they've already got their point across and never opening their mind to another point of view.

Much of this album sees the band merely re-writing old tunes. "Different World" is a standard, straight-ahead rocker in the vein of "The Wicker Man" or "Wildest Dreams" from their previous two albums, whereas "Out of the Shadows" comes across as a re-hashing of "Children of the Damned", minus the good bits.

It is a testament to their talent that in spite of their apparent refusal to let go of the past, they still manage to make what is, for the most part, a pretty good record. "Brighter Than a Thousand Suns" and "For the Greater Good of God" are both brilliant examples of Maiden at their anthemic best.

At a running time of 72 minutes, this album is much longer than it needs to be, and maybe if Iron Maiden had exercised some quality control they'd have another very decent album as opposed to a frustratingly inconsistent one.

Will Pedley

Dirty Pretty Things
Waterloo to Anywhere
(Universal)

When I was fifteen, I was the first of the Kitchener-Waterloo Drunk Punks to get into O's favourite boys, the **Droptick Murphys**. Mohawks were shaved and band t-shirts traded for Fred Perry's the year we discovered the Murphys' debut, through to 1998, when we saw them play at Warped Tour with recently installed streetpunk heavyweight, Al Barr. And while punks still dangled their suspenders dangerously low and skins pulled themselves up by the braces and traded up their 40s for four-packs of Guinness, Barr and the boys joined **Motörhead** on a tour that had actually billed a date at Kitchener's Elements nightclub. The Murphys, in 1998, were still something punks and skins could agree on.

All that changed the night Al Barr took to the mile-high stage at Elements with eyes only for the skinhead boys chanting aloud each chorus of his working-class streetpunk anthems.

I knew every song in the Murphys' discography too, but I also knew that night that I had hit streetpunk's glass ceiling. As my friend Darryl—yes, a fan of the Murphys thanks to the chance I took in Dr. Disc while he was still marking "NOFX" on his skateboard—sang arm-in-arm with Mr. Barr, I left behind a chapter of my life that I've been reluctant to revisit.

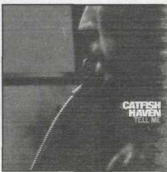
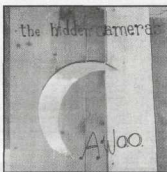
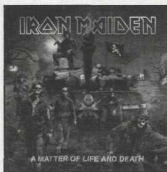
Waterloo sat on my desk for the better part of a month, even though some decent reviews could be written on the rising of Dirty Pretty Things out of the ashes of *The Libertines*. I know, I know—Dirty Pretty Things could hardly be counted among the likes of the Murphy Clan. They never say "Oi!" on the album, nor do they wear boots and braces. In my books, though, *Waterloo* comes dangerously close to the streetpunk sound I discovered in 1997 and abandoned in 1998. To be fair, *Waterloo* displays a simple elegance that makes it the Lincoln Town Car of streetpunk albums: a must-have for fans of the genre, and worth the ride for nearly anybody else.

Mono Brown

Sparklehorse
Dreamt for Light Years in the Belly of a Mountain
(Astralwerks)

Albums made by Mark Linkous are the kind you really appreciate. It's not just because of the music, but also because each album feels like it'll be his last. Things like swallowing enough drugs and booze to knock you into a 14-hour coma give rise to such outlooks. Linkous actually performed the above act in 1996 when he lay in a kneeling position for so long doctors almost had to amputate both of his legs. He spent the next year locked in a wheelchair. Since then he has coped long enough to release a few more albums, but the five-year absence since his last recording has begun to worry many. Thankfully, Linkous is now calming fears with *Dreamt for Light Years*, which proves to be his most essential and strongest record thus far.

On his new LP Linkous continues to develop on the soundscapes that made his debut, *Vivadixie*, and the much-applauded *It's a Wonderful Life* into little-known classics. It's still in the vein of those older albums, but now his brand of spectral americana is lighter



CITR CHARTS!

Strictly the dopest hits of September

CITR's charts reflect what has been spun on the air for the previous week. Kids mean they come from this great land o' ours. Most of these platters can't stand their (rock, independent) music stores across Vancouver. If you can't find 'em there give the music a shot at about 822-8773. His name is Luke. If you ask nicely he'll tell you how to get 'em. We're not out of our gourd at our campus/community radio charts check out www.eashtube.outline.com.

#	ARTIST	TITLE	LABEL
1	The Hidden Cameras*	Awoo	Evil Evil
2	The Cape May*	Glass Mountain Roads	Flemish Eye
3	The Dears*	Gang Of Losers	Maple Music
4	Emily Haines And The Soft Skeleton*	Knives Don't Have Your Back	Last Gang
5	Great Aunt Ida*	How They Fly	Northern Electric
6	Les Georges Leningrad*	Sangre Puro	Dare To Care
7	Chad VanGaalen*	Skellconnection	Flemish Eye/Sub Pop
8	Les Breastfeeders*	Les Matins De Grand Soirs	Blow The Fuse
9	No Luck Club*	Prosperity	Independent
10	Easy Star All Stars	Radiodread	Easy Star
11	The Be Good Tanyas*	Hello Love	Netwerk
12	Pigeon John	Pigeon John And The Summertime Pool Party	Quannum
13	Hot Snakes	Thunder Down Under	Swami
14	J Dilla	The Shining	BBE
15	Shout Out Out Out Out!	Not Singing Just Saying	Nrmls Wlcm
16	Nouvelle Vague	Bande A Part	Justin Time
17	Blood Meridian*	Kick Up The Dust	Outside
18	Electrelane	Singles, B-Sides And Live	Too Pure
19	Junior Boys*	So This Is Goodbye	Domino
20	Golden Dogs*	Big Eye Little Eye	True North
21	Los Straitjackets	Twist Party	Yep Roc
22	Cancer Bats*	Birthing The Giant	Distort
23	Comets On Fire	Avatar	Sub Pop
24	The Dudes*	Brain Heart Guitar	Load
25	Sunn O))) And Boris	Altar	Southern Lord

#	ARTIST	TITLE	LABEL
26	Danko Jones*	Sleep Is The Enemy	Aquarius
27	TV On The Radio	Return To Cookie Mountain	Interscope
28	The Husbands	There's Nothing More Than I'd Like...	Swami
29	Akron/Family	1968	Young God
30	Fond Of Tigers*	A Thing To Live With	Drip Audio
31	The Jolls*	Jinx	Independent
32	Lily Allen	Lily Allen	Goner
33	Grizzly Bear	Yellow House	Warp
34	Les Savy Fav	3/5	Frenchkiss
35	Pajo	1968	Drag City
36	Primal Scream	Riot City Blues	Columbia
37	The Rapture	Pieces Of The People We Love	Universal
38	Radio Birdman	Zeno Beach	Independent
39	Pinback	Nautical Antiques	Ace Fu
40	Ace Fu	To The Races	To The Races
41	Jennifer O'Connor	Over The Mountain, Across The Valley And Back To The Stars	Matador
42	Lambchop	Damaged	Merge
43	Erase Errata	Nightlife	Kill Rock Stars
44	The Rain And The Sidewalk*	Inanimate	Independent
45	Teenage Harlets	Use The Fixx	Springman
46	Leeroy Stagger*	Depression Rider	Boomba
47	Vincat*	I Like Their Older Stuff Better	Independent
48	Ladyhawk*	Ladyhawk	Jagjaguwar/Story-board
49	One Night Band*	Way Back Home	Stomp
50	Fake Cops*	Thunderbolt	Reluctant

and more focused than before. His voice still sounds like **Neil Young** wheezing through a ventilator. High-profile friends continue to make appearances, like **Tom Waits**, **Fennel**, **Dave Fridmann** and even **Dangermouse**. And he continues to pen some of the most heartbreaking lyrics around. "I could look in your face for a thousand years/ It's like a civil war of pain and of cheer," from "Shade and Home" is one of many great moments of lyrical prowess.

Where this album really rises above its predecessors, though, is in the consistent strength of each song. No throwaways plague the album like they occasionally did on past efforts. Also, the flow finally works. The odd fuzzed-out rock songs now fit into the fold perfectly with all the slit-your-wrist ballads.

Ultimately, like everyone, Linkous' time among the living is limited, so enjoy his music while you still can. All the year's best-of lists are going to tell you to like it anyway.

BRock Thiesen

Cibelle The Shine of Dried Electric Leaves (Crammed)

Once **Seu Jorge** and **Dendra Banhart** appear on your CD liner notes, you know you've made it these days. Banhart sings alongside Cibelle on "London London," and in a more coherent and plain fashion than on *Cripple Crow*. The novelty cover-singer **Seu Jorge** appears late on the album, and hopefully he'll be heard by those who only download a few tracks. On the whole, Cibelle's latest release effectively contrasts a wide array of sounds, forming a radical mix that sounds great on both a stereo and headphone listen. While I am unable to speak Portuguese, Cibelle's vocals in English and her first language are projected clearly, and with a nod to old-time jazz-smiths like **Billie Holiday**. On *The Shine of Dried Electric Leaves*, the Brazilian musician makes quick sonic choices, avoiding languid gestures with music as spry as a daddy longlegs.

Cibelle is from Sao Paulo, the

same city whose citizens spark musical tire fires all over the map. Earlier works by Cibelle include remixes and a full length. The diversity in her output puts mash-ups to shame, and blazes a trail other acts would be hard-pressed to follow. This sophomore album is self-produced, and plays with catchy and experimental ideas all at once to a beneficent end. It is rewarding to listen to this CD in a climate where access to and interest in world music is limited at best.

Arthur Krumins

The Hidden Cameras

Awoo
(Evil Evil)

I was in a terrible state the day I decided to review Awoo. "It sucks!" I screamed at the first person courageous enough to pass through my front door with a peace offering of soup while we gave the Hidden Cameras' third LP another critical spin. "Um, except for this song," I cautioned as Awoo began. Opener "Death of a Tune" at last marches to the beat of an authentic Hidden Cameras hit, if not a hit the foot

soldiers of the Mild Mannered Army have already marched to before.

Following "Death," I warned again, "Not this one either," since "Awoo," despite the general gentleness of Awoo, delivers the necessary final blow to finish the cutthroat campaign that Joel Gibb began with in *Mississauga Goldens' Doot Doot Plot*. "If the latter was a rallying cry for fervent followers, 'Awoo' softly proselytizes the devout to a resistance led by simple chords, sweet chimes, and silly choruses (written phonetically, Gibb insists). Still, after a release as brazen as MG, I worry that an album otherwise comprised of tracks like "She's Gone" and "Wandering" signals a retreat from the full-frontal musical coup *d'état* that has fired the Mild Mannered Army since *Ecco Homo*.

My earliest musings set aside, however, I doubt that Joel Gibb plots against himself this album around. Sure, it took a few more spins and even more heated exchanges over the muted force of Awoo, but I have decided that it might be the bravest of the Cameras' albums yet. Awoo,

though surprisingly disarming, can stake its claim on being the fiercest of Gibb's efforts to invite listeners further into the realm of the one-man army that has ruled much of his career as the centre of the Hidden Cameras. The victory of Awoo is personal.

Mono Brown

The Album Leaf Into the Blue Again (Sub Pop)

On first listen, many will likely think The Album Leaf's new LP plays like a repeat of his last album. *In a Safe Place*, and they would mostly be right. But on closer inspection, a few elements do emerge on *Into the Blue Again* that set it apart from its predecessor.

This time around, the man behind The Album Leaf, Jimmy LaValle, takes a fairly conservative stance, where he prefers to perfect past formulas rather than push any envelopes. LaValle continues to root his compositions in a more traditional verse-chorus-verse structure as he relies heavily on his standard blend of ambient drones, strings

and old Rhodes pianos. He also includes the usual guest-stars like **The Black Heart Procession's** Paul Jenkins, who lends his vocals on "Wherever I Go," and members of **Sigur Rós**, who unfortunately remain silent and only do some engineering work.

Where things vaguely differ are in LaValle's choice to take a slightly more electropop direction similar to More Music artists like **Mr. John Soda** or **Lali Puna**. This isn't to say *Into the Blue Again* will make you dance, but it does tone down the melancholy a bit. The most drastic change, however, is the addition of more songs with LaValle braving the vocal realm. Unfortunately, his hesitant singing and overly simple lyrics usually take more away from the songs than they add.

Overall, *Into the Blue Again* isn't bad, but a bit more variety and change would have done a world of good on this Album Leaf record.

BRock Thiesen

ROCK YOUR OWN ADVENTURE

A natural born indie-diva with a god-given gift for stage strutting and thousand-mile stares, Khyime becomes the biggest thing in Vancouver since the biggest-thing-since Dandi Wind. Even the disenfranchised hipsters can't keep from singing the praises of Sex Toys in Japan. Sealed With a Kiss are constantly on the phone asking you to open for buzz-worthy touring bands. In due course, you take your show on the road with a cross-Canada barnstormer. As you prepare for your Pop Montreal gig, Khyime announces that Leslie Feist has strongly encouraged her to go solo. In fact, she's been approached by Madonna's Maverick imprint. Your homecoming show at the Commodore will be her last with the band.

Turn directly to Page 21.

CiTR 101.9 FM PROGRAM GUIDE

You can listen to CiTR online at www.citr.ca or on the air at 101.9 FM

	Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
6am	BBC	BBC	PACIFIC PICKIN'	BBC	BBC	BBC	BBC
7am							
8am	TANA RADIO	BREAKFAST WITH THE BROWNS	FILL-IN	SUBURBAN JUNGLE	END OF THE WORLD NEWS	CUTE BAND ALERT!	THE SATURDAY EDGE
9am	SHOOKSHOOKTA						
10am	KOL NODEDI	LIONS AND TIGERS AND BEARS...	THIRD TIME'S THE CHARM	FILL-IN	SWEET 'N' HOT	SKA-T'S SCENIC DRIVE	
11am							
12pm	THE ROCKERS SHOW	ALT. RADIO	MORNING AFTER SHOW	ANOIZE	FILL-IN	THESE ARE THE BREAKS	GENERATION ANNIHILATION
1pm							
2pm		PARTS UNKNOWN	GIVE 'EM THE BOOT	WRAPPED IN SILVER SOUND	WE ALL FALL DOWN		POWERCHORD
3pm							
4pm	BLOOD ON THE SADDLE	LET'S GET BAKED	FILL-IN	DEMOCRACY NOW	INKSTUDS	RADIO ZERO	
5pm	CHIPS WITH EVERYTHING	SAINT TROPEZ	REEL TO REAL	RUMBLTONE RADIO A GO GO	CRIMES & TREASONS	NARDUAR PRESENTS	CODE BLUE
6pm			CAREER FAST TRACK	FILL-IN			
7pm	QUEER FM	SON OF NITE DREAMS	EN AVANT LA MUSIQUE	NECESSARY VOICES	MY SCIENCE PROJECT	NEWS 101	LEO RAMIREZ SHOW
8pm		UNCOMMON PRACTICE	WENER'S BBQ	AND SOMETIMES WHY	PEDAL REVOLUTION		OUR WAVE
9pm	RHYTHMSINDIA	KARASU		SAMSQUANCH HIDEAWAY	AFROBEAT	THE CANADIAN WAY	SHADOW JUGGLERS
10pm	MONDO TRASHO				EXQUISITE CORPSE	AFRICAN RHYTHMS	
11pm	TRANCENDANCE	THE JAZZ SHOW			LIVE FROM THUNDERBIRD RADIO - HELL	PLANET LOVETRON	SYNAPTIC SANDWICH
12am					LAUGH TRACKS	SHAKE A TAIL FEATHER	BEATS FROM THE BASEMENT
1am	DISASTERPIECE THEATRE	VENGEANCE IS MINE			RAW RADIO	I LIKE THE SCRIBBLES	CONCEPTION RADIO
2am							
3am	BBC	BBC		BBC	BBC	BBC	BBC
4am							
5am							

SUNDAY

TANA RADIO (World)

SHOOKSHOOKTA (World)

KOL NODEDI (World)

Beautiful arresting beats and voices emanating from all continents, corners, and voids. Seldom-rattled pockets of roots and gems, recalling other times, and other places, to vast crossroads en route to the unknown and the unclaimable. East Asia. South Asia. Africa. The Middle East. Europe. Latin America. Cypre. Fusion. Always rhythmic, always captivating. Always crossing borders. Always transporting.

THE ROCKERS SHOW (Reggae)

BLOOD ON THE SADDLE (Roots)

Real cowshit-caught-in-her-boots country.

CHIPS WITH EVERYTHING

(Pop)

British pop music from all decades. International pop (Japanese, French, Swedish, British, US, etc.), 60s soundtracks and lounge. Book your jet-set holiday now!

SAINT TROPEZ (Pop)

QUEER FM (Talk)

Dedicated to the gay, lesbian, bisexual, and transsexual communities of Vancouver. Lots of human interest features, background on current issues, and great music.

RHYTHMSINDIA (World)

Rhythmsindia features a wide range of music from India, including popular music from the 1930s to the present, classical music, semi-classical music such as Ghazals and Bhangams, and also Qawwalis, pop, and regional language numbers.

MONDO TRASHO (Eclectic)

Join us in practicing the ancient

art of rising above common thought and ideas as your host DJ Smiley Mike lays down the latest trance cuts to propel us into the domain of the mystical.

DISASTERPIECE THEATRE (Talk)

MONDAY

BREAKFAST WITH THE BROWNS (Eclectic)

Your favourite Brown-sters, James and Peter, offer a savoury blend of the familiar and exotic in a blend of aural delights.

LIONS AND TIGERS AND BEARS... (Eclectic)

A mix of indie pop, indie rock, and pseudo underground hip hop, with your host, Jordie Sparkle.

ALT. RADIO (Talk)

Hosted by David B.

PARTS UNKNOWN (Pop)

Underground pop for the musics with the occasional interview

with your host, Chris.

LET'S GET BAKED W/MATT & DAVE (Eclectic)

Vegan baking with "rock stars" like Sharp Like Knives, Whitey Houston, The Novaks and more.

NATIVE SOLIDARITY NEWS (Talk)

A national radio service and part of an international network of information and action in support of indigenous peoples' survival and dignity. We are all volunteers committed to promoting Native self-determination, culturally, economically, spiritually and otherwise. The show is self-sufficient, without government or corporate funding.

NEWS 101 (Talk)

A volunteer-produced, student and community newscast featuring news, sports and arts. Reports by people like you. "Become the Media."

W.N.G.S. (Talk)

Womens International News Gathering Service.

SON OF NITE DREAMS (Eclectic)

UNCOMMON PRACTICE (Classical)

All the classical music you don't hear on mainstream radio! A variety of innovative and interesting works from the 20th and 21st centuries, with an occasional neglected masterpiece from earlier eras.

KARASU (World)

THE JAZZ SHOW (Jazz)

Vancouver's longest running primetime jazz program. Hosted by the ever-suave, Gavin Walker. Features at 11pm:

Oct. 2: One of the most exciting and spontaneous bands ever assembled for a weekend gig was this one led by pianist/composer Jaki Byard. From behind the keyboard Byard changes tempos and shouts instructions to flutist/tenor saxophonist Joe Farrell, bassist George Tucker, and ace drum master who also plays vibes... Alan Dawson. Live and cookin'. Oct. 9: Tonight we celebrate

the 72nd birthday of Abdullah Ibrahim (aka Dollar Brand) with one of his most personal recordings. Solo piano playing his own compositions reflecting his South African heritage. The sounds of a master in "African Portraits".

Oct. 16: The music of pianist/composer Andrew Hill has always been a fascinating and challenging experience, and his latest award-winning album is another triumph in a career that always seems to be reinvented in a new and fresh way. "Love Lines" with Hill's quintet featuring trumpeter Charles Tolliver and others is a milestone in Hill's history. Oct. 23: Tonight is the birthday of one of the most powerful and original alto saxophonists in modern jazz, and sadly one of the most underrated: Sonny Criss (Oct. 23, 1927 - Nov. 19, 1977). Here is Sonny with

another legendary Sonny (Clark) on piano putting his mark on some great standards and blues in "Go, Mani!" Oct. 30: Today marks the birthday of one of the greatest trumpet voices in jazz and one who is still listened to and copied today: Clifford Brown. Although he died at 26 (in a traffic accident), he left a legacy of great recordings such as tonight's feature, "Clifford Brown and Max Roach at Basin Street". With the ground-breaking quintet that included tenor saxophone giant Sonny Rollins. **VENGANCE IS MINE** (Punk)

All the best of the world of punk has to offer, in the wee hours of the morn.

TUESDAY

PACIFIC PICKIN' (Roots)

Bluegrass, old-time music, and its derivatives with Arthur and the lovely Andrea Berman.

HIGHBRED VOICES (World)

THIRD TIME'S THE CHARM (Rock)

Open your ears and prepare for a shock! A harmless note may make you a fan! Hear the menacing scourge that is Rock and Roll! Deedler than the most dangerous criminal

morningstynine@hotmail.com
BORNING AFTER SHOW (Eclectic)

GIVE 'EM THE BOOT (World)

Sample the various flavours of Italian folk music from north to south, traditional and modern. Un programma bilingue che esplora il mondo della musica folk italiana.

REEL TO REAL (Talk)

Movie reviews and criticism.

EN AVANT LA MUSIQUE (French)

En Avant La Musique! se concentre sur le m tissage des genres musicaux au sein d'une francophonie ouverte   tous les courants. This program focuses on cross-cultural music and its influence on mostly Francophone musicians.

WENER'S BARBEQUE (Sports)

Join the sports department for their coverage of the T-Birds.

FLEX YOUR HEAD (Harcore)

Up the punx, down the emote! Keepin' it real since 1989, yo. Flexyourhead.

SALARIO MINIMO (World)

Salario Minimo, the best rock in Spanish show in Canada.

CAUGHT IN THE RED (Rock)

Travelling the trash heap of over 50 years' worth of rock n' roll debris. Dig it!

PLUTONIUM NIGHTS (Eclectic)

AURAL TENTACLES (Eclectic)

It could be punk, ethno, global, trance, spoken word, rock, the unusual and the weird, or it could be something different. Hosted by DJ Pierre.

WEDNESDAY

SUBURBAN JUNGLE (Eclectic)

ANOIZE (Noise)

Luke Meat irritates and educates

through musical deconstruction.

Recommended for the strong.

WRAPPED IN SILVER SOUND (Eclectic)

DEMOCRACY NOW (Talk)

Independent news hosted by award-winning journalists Amy Goodman and Juan Gonzalez.

RUMBLETONE RADIO (Rock)

Primitive, fuzzed-out garage mayhem!

NECESSARY VOICES (Talk)

Socio-political, environmental activist news and spoken word with some music too.

AND SOMETIMES WHY (Hip/Eclectic)

First Wednesday of every month.

SAMSQUANCH'S HIDEAWAY (Eclectic)

First Wednesday of every month.

JUCEBOX (Talk)

Developing your relational and individual sexual health, expressing diversity, celebrating queerness, and encouraging pleasure at all stages. Sexuality educators Julia and Alex will quench your search for responsible, progressive sexuality over your life span!

FOLK OASIS (Roots)

Two hours of eclectic roots music. Don't own any Birkenstocks? Alerkumbay-free zone since 1997.

HANS KLOSS' MISERY HOUR (Hans Kloss)

This is pretty much the best thing on radio.

THURSDAY

END OF THE WORLD NEWS (Eclectic)

SWEET N' HOT (Jazz)

Sweet dance music and hot jazz from the 1920s, 30s, and 40s.

WE ALL FALL DOWN (Eclectic)

Punk rock, indie pop, and what-ever else I deem worthy. Hosted by a close nerd.

CRIMES & TREASONS (Hip Hop)

MY SCIENCE PROJECT (Talk)

Zoom a little zoom on the My Science Project rock ship, piloted by your host, Julia, as we navigate eccentric, under-exposed, always relevant and plainly cool scientific research, technology, and poetry (submissions welcome).

MY SCIENCE PROJECT RADIO (Talk)

Zoom a little zoom on the My Science Project rock ship, piloted by your host, Julia, as we navigate eccentric, under-exposed, always relevant and plainly cool scientific research, technology, and poetry (submissions welcome).

MY SCIENCE PROJECT RADIO (Talk)

Zoom a little zoom on the My Science Project rock ship, piloted by your host, Julia, as we navigate eccentric, under-exposed, always relevant and plainly cool scientific research, technology, and poetry (submissions welcome).

MY SCIENCE PROJECT RADIO (Talk)

Zoom a little zoom on the My Science Project rock ship, piloted by your host, Julia, as we navigate eccentric, under-exposed, always relevant and plainly cool scientific research, technology, and poetry (submissions welcome).

MY SCIENCE PROJECT RADIO (Talk)

Zoom a little zoom on the My Science Project rock ship, piloted by your host, Julia, as we navigate eccentric, under-exposed, always relevant and plainly cool scientific research, technology, and poetry (submissions welcome).

MY SCIENCE PROJECT RADIO (Talk)

Zoom a little zoom on the My Science Project rock ship, piloted by your host, Julia, as we navigate eccentric, under-exposed, always relevant and plainly cool scientific research, technology, and poetry (submissions welcome).

MY SCIENCE PROJECT RADIO (Talk)

Zoom a little zoom on the My Science Project rock ship, piloted by your host, Julia, as we navigate eccentric, under-exposed, always relevant and plainly cool scientific research, technology, and poetry (submissions welcome).

MY SCIENCE PROJECT RADIO (Talk)

Zoom a little zoom on the My Science Project rock ship, piloted by your host, Julia, as we navigate eccentric, under-exposed, always relevant and plainly cool scientific research, technology, and poetry (submissions welcome).

MY SCIENCE PROJECT RADIO (Talk)

Zoom a little zoom on the My Science Project rock ship, piloted by your host, Julia, as we navigate eccentric, under-exposed, always relevant and plainly cool scientific research, technology, and poetry (submissions welcome).

MY SCIENCE PROJECT RADIO (Talk)

Zoom a little zoom on the My Science Project rock ship, piloted by your host, Julia, as we navigate eccentric, under-exposed, always relevant and plainly cool scientific research, technology, and poetry (submissions welcome).

MY SCIENCE PROJECT RADIO (Talk)

Zoom a little zoom on the My Science Project rock ship, piloted by your host, Julia, as we navigate eccentric, under-exposed, always relevant and plainly cool scientific research, technology, and poetry (submissions welcome).

FRIDAY

CUTE BAND ALERT! (Eclectic)

SKA-T'S SCENIC DRIVE (Ska)

Email requests to: djska_a@hotmail.com

THESE ARE THE BREAKS (Hip Hop)

Top notch crate digger DJ Avi Shax mixes underground hip hop, old school classics, and original breaks.

RADIO ZERO (Eclectic)

NARDUAR THE HUMAN VETTIE PRESENTS (Narduar)

THE CANADIAN WAY (Eclectic)

Independent Canadian music from almost every genre imaginable covering the east coast to the left coast and all points in between. Yes, even Montreal!

AFRICAN RHYTHMS (World)

David "Love" Jones brings you the best new and old jazz, soul, Latin, samba, bossa and African music from around the world.

PLANET LOVETRON (Dance/Electronic)

Music inspired by Chocolate Thunder: Robert Robot drops electro pop and present, hip hop and intergalactic funkmanish robotrobot@gmail.com

SHAKE A TAIL FEATHER (Soul/R&B)

I LIKE THE SCRIBBLES (Eclectic)

Boats mixed with audio from film clips and the internet.

10% discount for callers who are certified insane. Hosted by Chris D.

SATURDAY

THE SATURDAY EDGE (Roots)

Studio guests, new releases, British comedy sketches, folk music calendar, and ticket giveaways.

GENERATION ANNIHILATION (Punk)

A fine mix of streetpunk and old school hardcore backed by band interviews, guest speakers, and social commentary.

POWERCHORD (Metal)

Vancouver's only true metal show; local demo tapes, imports, and other rarities. Gerald Rattlehead, Geoff the Metal Pimp and guests do the damage.

CODE BLUE (Roots)

From backwards slide low-down slide to urban hard honks, blues, and blues roots with your hosts Jim, Andy and Paul.

THE LEO RAMIREZ SHOW (World)

The best of music, news, sports, and commentary from around the local and international Latin American communities.

OUR WAVE (World)

News, arts, entertainment and music for the Russian community, local and abroad.

SHADOW JUGGLERS (Dance/Electronic)

An exciting show of Drum n' Bass with DJs Jimlunge & Bias on the ones and twos, plus guests. Listen for give-aways every week. Keep feelin da beat.

SYNAPTIC SANDWICH (Dance/Electronic)

BEATS FROM THE BASEMENT

CONCEPTION RADIO (Talk)

CiTR Is Looking So-o-o Good

The station's new merch showcases two local designers

by Duncan M. McHugh

COLLEGE RADIO AND T-SHIRTS GO together like college radio and beer. And, like the empties from local microbreweries strewn about the station, our T-shirts have begun to show an interest in sophisticated local flavour.

For years, CiTR offered only one T-shirt, the venerable "tapehead" logo design. In 2002, we mixed it up by cannibalizing our pre-tapehead logo, a streamlined wordmark with retro lettering. While classic, these design were a little staid.

Something changed last year, though: Main Street came to West Point Grey and CiTR ended up with hip new threads. Two new designs, penned by art school students, featured a giant Marantz tape recorder playing the part of Acme anvil, squashing some hapless radio nerd, and an old-timey gramophone with cursive writing that anticipated the success of the Arcade Fire with a Funeral-like design.

This year, the station got even more ambitious, recruiting two prominent local indie artists. The result: limited edition, designer CiTR T-shirts. The beautiful designs are multicoloured and printed on sweatshop-free American Apparel shirts. As the photos show, they look totally rad.

Discorder recently asked the designers, Andy Dixon (Secret Mommy, Ache Records) and Dani Vachon, about their respective T-shirts.

What's the idea behind your design?

Dani: Well, I thought about this for a really long time, and I wanted to make a design that was going to be accessible to all kinds of college radio lovers. I remembered back to a time when I was in bible-camp—of all places—and how the girl in charge of my cabin told me that animals didn't go to heaven. I thought that was bullshit and basically dropped the classical Christian beliefs right then and formed my own belief system...where all animals go to heaven. This is an illustration of a wild horse (I imagine back in the days where Natives populated Canada more than Europeans) who possibly just got hit with an arrow while running, and his soul leaving his body.

Andy: I try to design and draw in ways that contradict an academic approach. I have drawing without the use of any practical technique—instead of sketching it out, just start at a point and go from there. I guess I'm attracted to a more "outsider" aesthetic. The spontaneity and naivety is really powerful. With that said, I have had a decade of training, so the eye for design is always present, creating a kind of juxtaposition.

Is there a place that people can check out more of your design work?

Dani: www.whap.ca (which has been half finished for as long as I can remember). It has a link at the bottom of the poster page where you can visit my gigposters.com page that has almost 300 posters.

Andy: www.thechemistrydesigns.com



ROCK YOUR OWN ADVENTURE

With great reservations, you opt to pass on Khymin and keep the original trio intact. In the months that follow, Sex Toys in Japan make a slow but steady climb through the local scene. After paying each and every due imaginable, the band nabs the much-coveted opening spot for Wolf Parade at The Commodore. A dream-come-true quickly turns nightmare: At the last minute, the band is bumped from the spot by The Featurettes—Vancouver's newest buzz-band, fronted by none other than Khymin Gorman. You lose the high-profile show and The Featurettes get the big break that starts their long, illustrious career. When you next visit the beach, some mean-spirited kids kick sand in your face.

Turn directly to Page 21.

October's Bounty Taking in the Harvest at Zulu

Akron/Family Meek Warrior CD

Akron/Family made some new fans last time they were in town. The show was a success, people were excited. This positive vibe makes sense. Attuned to the local aesthetic, **Akron/Family's** brand of contemplative Americana fits nicely with the folk-positive Peti-Summer of Love we seemed to have had up here this year. It was a good time; the kids were alright. Along with the rustic-tuned **Ladyhawk** and **Pink Mountaintops** on our collective stereo, we also spun **My Morning Jacket**, **Magnolia Electric Co.**, **Band of Horses**, and good old **Will Oldham**, and so on. Good times. Similar in spirit, while these guys are a little more laid back and less noisy, they're no less inspired or inspiring. Also, they are not afraid to be beautiful, which is a truly welcome thing, a treasure in a trouble time.

CD \$16.98

Mastodon Blood Mountain CD

We had a serious LOVE ON for **Mastodon's** last one, the mighty, ever so mighty **Leviathan**, which will forevermore have a place in our heavy metal hearts and minds. Now finally the hardest returned to the planet (and they're sincerely big nerds) have returned with another weighty, monster album, this time coming on like **Leviathan** doubled. While some basic riffage is exchanged for fancier, even mildly cerebral playing, the thing still rocks full on, with occasional mood pastoral flashes à la **Babes in Toyland**. Although it's elaborately dense, it's progressive only insofar as this term designates a new-found form of heavy metal pugilism, sending sonic blow after sonic blow down our ears, up our brainstem, and then blasting the top out of our cerebellum, cascading thickly around our shoulders. Despite the jury carnage thereby caused by this kind of beating, the enlightened delight on the faces of the recipients attests to the skillful intensity of **Mastodon**, the preeminent exorcists of high-precision blasts of noisy affirmation!

CD \$16.98

Points Gray Off Shore CDR

One of my favorite comic book titles growing up was **M Marvel comics**. What if series. The stories were fantastic, ridiculous. The writers were able to exercise their imaginations; no otherwise far-fetched idea was rejected. My favorite **What If** had **Conan the Barbarian** blasted from his barbarian time to present-day New York City, the climax of the story taking place at the Museum of Modern Art. It was awesome. This self-produced, very limited edition CDR is kind of like a local pop music: **What If** story, except real. Here's the key premise: Imagine **Cannet Haman's Rob Dayton** joining forces with **Destructor's Dan Bejar**. What? Sounds like a great night out at the bar, to be sure, but making music? Surely their individually prodigious talents might not come together, instead crossing without really meeting along some arcane pop music back road? Yet indeed they do meet, and very well. This sure-to-be short lived CDR is the proof of this propitious joining, not **What If** at all. Get it while the getting's good and then brag about it later on your blog.

CD \$9.98

Mouse on Mars Varcharz CD

Legend has it that **Jan St. Werner** and **Andi Tomi** met at a death metal concert. Maybe this trivia explains **Mike Patton's** interest, putting **Varcharz** out on his label **Ipecac**. But there is a kind of distorted heaviness to **Mouse on Mars**, music, especially live, which this new album conveys. Also, it's loud. Finishing the **Pattan-esque** aesthetic trifecta, **Varcharz** is supposedly **Mouse on Mars's** most experimental record yet (but what does experimental mean to the always broad-minded **St. Werner** and **Tomi**, we wonder?). Yet no matter how hard and fast they come on or how far they get, **Mouse on Mars** temper everything they do with ironic humor. Although they make seriously good music and they take their music-making practice seriously, they themselves are not serious. They like to have a good time and it shows. And at a good time for **St. Werner** and **Tomi** means bending a few minds — ears first — makes for exciting music. Bring it on.

CD \$16.98

Micah P. Hinson And the Open Circuit CD

For a young man, **Micah P. Hinson** seems to be one burned guy, miserable beyond his age. His short adult past definitely has something to do with this: he had some kind of complex, tragic love affair with an older former glamour model with a drug problem. Thankfully for us, this ruinous relationship fueled his stirring debut album, **Micah P. Hinson and the Gospel of Progress**, presenting him as a new, already mature talent. Following another summer turn, this time a prescription drug addiction inspired back injury, **Hinson** is back with more moody, folksy balladry, this time augmented with the fine musicianship and string arranging ability of **Crooked Fingers' Eric Bachmann**, as well as a host of other experienced players. Emotive, atmospheric, hushed for a good bad time, this record is the trick.

CD \$16.98

Various Vancouver, British Columbia, Canada CD

Produced by the Music Appreciation Society on behalf of the Charles H. Scott art gallery at the Emily Carr Institute, this compilation brings together a keen selection of new, unreleased and old tracks by some of Vancouver's best, most loved groups, also emphasizing music made by some well-known local visual artists. Featuring tracks by **Amber & Josh (of Black Mountain)**, **Anemones**, **The Battles**, **Blaise Pascal**, **The Book of Lists**, **The Choir Practice**, **Devo** (featuring **Kevin Schmidt**), **The Engravers**, **Good Honey**, **The Rodney Graham Band**, **Great Aunt Ida**, **Hello Blue Roses**, **Nick Kravich (of Pano)**, **Shannon Oksanen and Scott Livingstone**, **Pink Mountaintops**, **Sinola Caves**, **Staked Plain**, **Sunny Boner** (featuring **Dania Poppet**), **Superconductor**, **True Love Forever** (with **Dan Bejar**), and **USERRS** (featuring **ben Wallace**, **Jeff Wall**, **Rodney Graham**, **David Wisdom**).

CD \$12.98

Bert Jansch The Black Swan CD

Bert Jansch has been active since the 1960s. Very influential, players like **Jimmy Page** and **Nell Young** cite him as an important inspiration, noting his incredible musicianship and songwriting. Solo or with **Pentangle**, he is truly a folk music legend. Now, following the recent underground folk music revival which has captured the pro-bard imagination of indie rockers everywhere, **Jansch's** contemporary profile is deservedly growing. This new full length recording, released by Chicago's Thrill Jockey, should only further **Jansch's** current positive attention, expanding his audience. Recorded mostly at home, **The Black Swan** features (probably thrilling, adoring and respectful) guest appearances by **Beth Orton**, **Devendra Banhart** and members of groups such as **Esper** and **Mazzy Star**.

CD \$16.98

Tim Hecker Harmony in Ultraviolet CD

This is the sixth (really? sixth?) full-length from this former hometown boy and recent federal employee (no joke). Ever rocking the floor or bombing our brains, **Hecker** has always done great work, released by such well-respected, forward-thinking labels as **Staalpaal**, **Alien8**, and **Mike Plateaux**. **Harmony in Ultraviolet** is his first for Chicago's **Kranky**, also home to Vancouver's **Lacul**. Suitably, **Harmony in Ultraviolet** is ambient and textured, moving lazily between "noise, dissonance and melody," as **Kranky** describe it. And indeed **Hecker** leaves little serene footing: we get lost with him in the digital haze and eerie processed field recordings. But, of course, this is no simple, merely futuristic drifting but an intentional exploration of atmosphere itself as compelling aesthetic material.

CD \$16.98

Califone Roots and Crowns CD

Now in **Califone**, **Tim Rutill**, **Ben Massarella** and their longtime producer **Brian Deck** were all once involved in the sadly departed, totally underappreciated **Red Red Meat**. Their **Bunny Gets Paid** is a true American masterwork, providing the blueprint for the band they've since become. As **Bunny Gets Paid** shows, they've always understood the essential "sense of space" in blues, rock and country music — where the notes hang in the vibrating air, resonating, powerful. Indeed the notion of the spatial character of sound seems central to **Califone's** music, which is even more far-reaching and evocative than **Red Red Meat**. As **Rutill** explains, this development is productive, part of the band's project: "this album is a conscious and resolved thing. It fully realizes ideas we touched on in the past and where we come from as a band, and takes us into our next phase of life." Hence the imagery of **Roots and Crowns**: suggesting a future that both engages and depends on its past.

CD \$16.98



Zulu Records
1972-1976 W 4th Ave
Vancouver, BC
tel 604.738.3232
www.zulurecords.com

Wolf Eyes Human Animal CD/LP

In true manifesto fashion, the concluding track on **Human Animal** is titled **Noise Not Music**. With their swasty t-shirts, pumping fists and free-form storms of sound, **Wolf Eyes**, **John Olson**, **Mike Connolly**, and **Kate Young** really seem to mean it. And yet this is surely a contradiction. Really? Noise? Are we to believe that they've produced anything else but music so far? It's unquestionably loud, chaotic, challenging, masculine, and even a little terrifying, but noise? No, it's many things, but hardly noise. The real battle ground, the true and proper target of their intense sonic warfare, is music, music writ large, and they know it, and thankfully so does Sub Pop. But as a prolonged challenge to music from the negative pole, that is executed from the constructively negative position of noise, **Human Animal** is cogent, thoroughgoing, a veritable thesis! Most importantly, it is an ALBUM. Bring the noise home, enjoy the music.

CD \$16.98 LP \$14.98

00100 Taiga CD

Talking "big river" in Japanese and "00100" in Russian, **Taiga** is meant to be a spiritual communication with the earth, an expression of respectful appreciation. This focus on nature comes across in Japan's **00100** (pronounced: oh-oh-ey-oh-oh) somewhat franchise-inducing, rhymed based soundscapes; there is a neo-tribal quality to this music. Unlike their onomatopoeic name, **00100** aren't trying to copy the language of nature, but, in a focused ritual transformation, to somehow become nature, to truly speak the hidden language of the earth. And as **00100** understand, nature isn't always peaceful or kind, instead often complexly busy with sound. As such **Taiga** enacts its namesakes: it's dense with many small sounds like a forest and always moving like a river.

CD \$16.98

Grizzly Bear Yellow House CD

Comparisons are lazy in this business. Unavoidable, but this really could be for (perhaps even should have been, depending on your point of view) the new **Animal Collective**, except, of course, if **Brian Wilson** was the band. I say **Brian Wilson** because of the refined yet mildly trippy pop sensibility in effect here, like on (sorry to bring up the canon) **Pet Sounds**. Indeed **Yellow House** is not just an improvement from **Grizzly Bear's** own past work, now a full-fledged group lead by **Edward Droste**, but in fact a remarkable pop music achievement in general, sure to be remembered come the end of the year's eventual Best Of tabulations. The playing is great, the arrangements smart, and the production first-rate — how can this be critically ignored? For the rest of us non-critics, aware from the politics of taste-making punditry, **Yellow House** is a great mix of **Vetiver**, **White Magic** and **Elephant Six** psychedelia. Nice.

CD \$16.98

PRICES IN EFFECT UNTIL OCTOBER 31, 2006

STORE HOURS
Mon to Wed 10:30 - 7:00
Thurs and Fri 10:30 - 9:00
Sat 9:30 - 6:30
Sun 12:00 - 6:00